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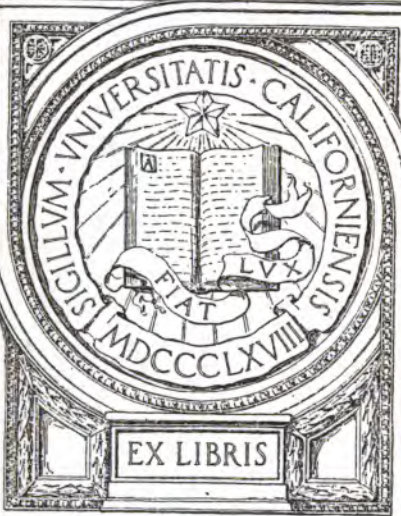
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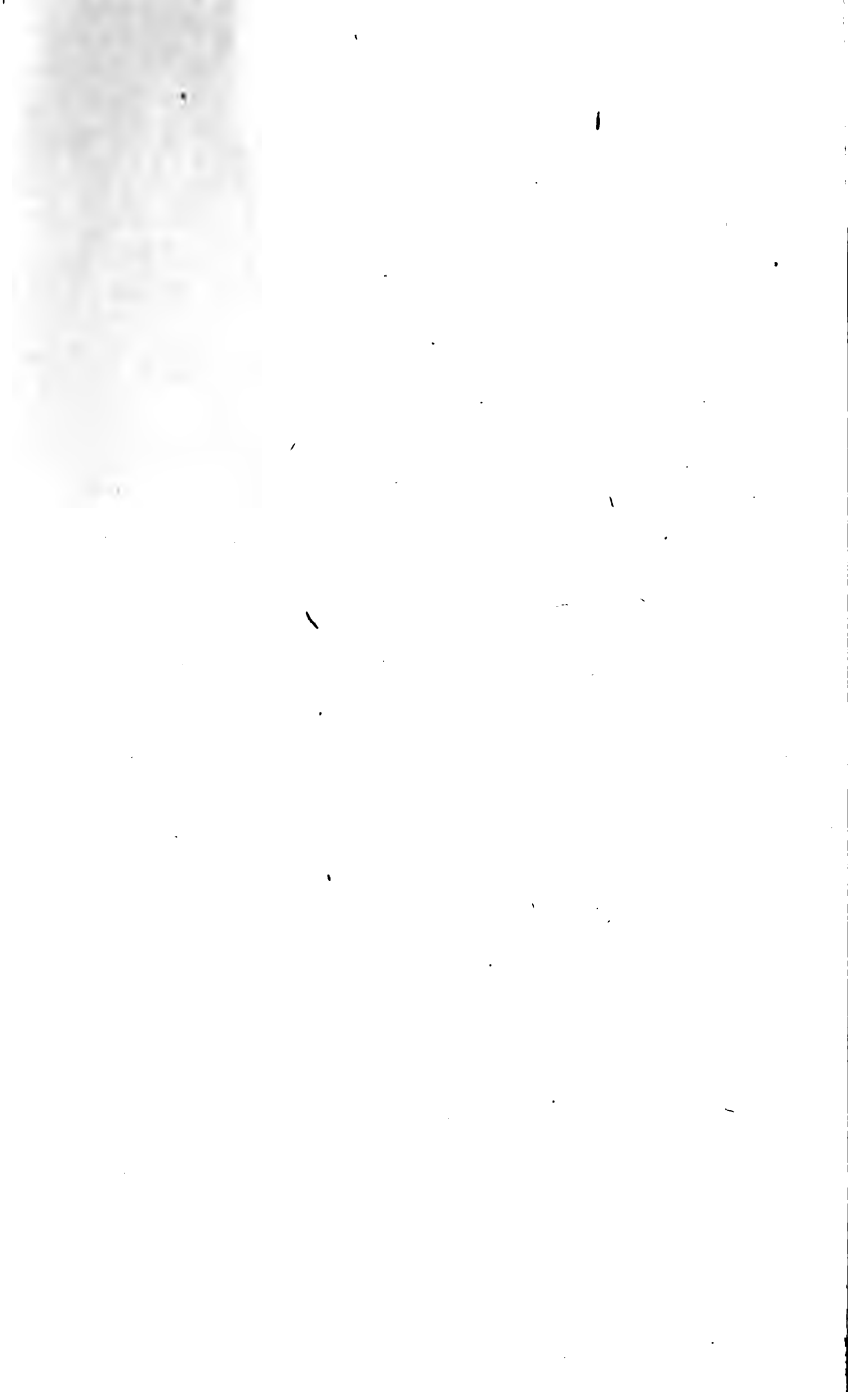


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# "Be Calm, Camilla!"

*A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS*

BY

CLARE KUMMER

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## CAST

JUNIUS PATTERSON ..... *The owner of the Car*  
BAXTER PELL.....*Of Fifth Avenue*  
GUS BEALS.....*Of Broadway*  
MCNEIL BROWNLOW, "MAC" ..... *A waiter*  
BILL SLATTERY.....*A piano mover*  
JO GIBBINS.....*Another*  
CELIA BROOKE ..... *A lady of leisure*  
ALMA ROBINS ..... *A nurse*  
CAMILLA HATHAWAY ..... *Alone in the City*

## ACT I

SCENE 1: CAMILLA'S room in the Belle-Marie, a  
*cheap hotel.*

SCENE 2: CAMILLA'S room in the Hospital.

## ACT II

SCENE 1: *The living-room in JUNIUS PATTERSON'S  
house in the woods.*

SCENE 2: *The same.*

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Copy of the play-bill of the first performance of "BE CALM, CAMILLA," at the Booth Theatre, New York, October 31, 1918:

MR. ARTHUR HOPKINS

Presents

"BE CALM, CAMILLA"

CLARE KUMMER'S NEW COMEDY

Staged by ARTHUR HOPKINS

Settings by ROBERT EDMOND JONES

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JUNIUS PATTERSON, the owner of the Car, *Walter Hampden*  
BAXTER PELL, a gentleman of leisure... *Rex McDougall*  
GUS BEALS, of Broadway..... *Arthur Shaw*  
MCNEIL BROWNLOW, "Mac," a waiter, *William Sampson*  
JO GIBBONS, a piano-mover ..... *Harold Salter*  
BILL SLATTERY, another..... *John J. Harris*  
CELIA BROOKE, lady of leisure .... *Carlotta Monterey*  
ALMA ROBINS, a nurse ..... *Hedda Hopper*  
CAMILLA HATHAWAY, alone in the City... *Lola Fisher*

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

- SCENE 1. CAMILLA'S room in the Belle-Marie, a cheap New York hotel.  
SCENE 2. CAMILLA'S room in the Hospital.

ACT II

- SCENE 1. The living-room in JUNIUS PATTERSON'S house in the woods.  
SCENE 2. The same.

# "Be Calm, Camilla!"

## ACT I.

SCENE I: CAMILLA'S room in the Hotel Belle-Marie.

*This room contains a bed or folding-bed or couch that looks as though it might be made into a bed. A bureau, a table, some chairs and a worn upright piano.*

*On rise, MAC enters the room with a tray of dishes, containing bread and butter, beef-steak and coffee. He sets these down on the table center with a rather pleased expression. His face in repose is sad. There is a knock on the door, which MAC has left open.)*

MAC. (*Looks toward the door*) Did you want anything, sir?

GUS. Yes—I want to come in. (*Enters.*)

MAC. She's not here, sir.

GUS. That's all right, I'll wait. (*Crosses and sits down L.C.*)

MAC. (*Standing at table c. Troubled*) Well, I don't know just what to say about that, sir.

GUS. That's all right. You don't need to say anything.

MAC. I hope your call is a friendly one, sir.

GUS. It sure is. Why? Does she have unfriendly callers?

MAC. What I meant, sir, was—I hope she doesn't owe you anything, sir.

GUS. (*Laughing*) Good Lord, no.

MAC. (*Easing up*) Sometimes you know, sir, they get in. And it's just terrible to see a man having a lady at his mercy, sir, you might say, sitting comfortable, in the only place she's got to get away from him.

GUS. I'm not that kind of a man. If a lady wants me to go, I know it before she does, and I'm gone.

MAC. Well, I'm very glad, sir; I am, indeed.

GUS. I hope that Miss Hathaway doesn't have too many of these gentlemen you speak of around?

MAC. No, sir—but—well—we can't help noticing things and—I know a real lady, when I see one, sir.

GUS. Yes—well, we all hope we do.

MAC. It goes against the grain to see a sweet young lady like her in a place like this.

GUS. Why? What's the matter with it? I recommended this place to her myself.

MAC. Oh, it's all right for some, sir, but—

GUS. Manager's a particular friend of mine. Good hearted old mush that wouldn't put a girl out on the street if she couldn't come across with her room rent on time. That's what a girl needs, isn't it?

MAC. Yes, sir. A girl needs a lot of things.

GUS. Right—and what she doesn't need, she thinks she needs.

MAC. She needs good hearty food for one thing.

GUS. She does. I'm glad to see that noble tray you've loaded in for this particular young lady.

MAC. You're not so glad as I am, sir, for believe me there have been days when I didn't come in here at all.

GUS. You don't say. How does it happen she orders when she's out?

MAC. Well sir, maybe she was on her way home and just thought it would be a good idea—

there's a lot in not having to wait, you know, sir, when you're hungry——

GUS. I see—she'll be here soon then.

TELEPHONE.

MAC. Well, it looks like it, sir, doesn't it? (*Telephone rings. MAC, after a glance at GUS, goes to phone on wall L.U.*) Hello—who's down there? The what? I can't understand. Oh, yes, yes, I do now. (*Turns to GUS.*) It's the Stumph Piano Works is down there, sir, they say.

GUS. Really? Well, what's their trouble?

MAC. (*Wincing as the telephone voice explains*) Oh—oh, yes—but she's not here. (*To GUS.*) It's about the bill, I'm afraid, sir. (*Into phone.*) Just a moment, please. If the bill has not been paid, I am sure it will be. (*Wincing. To GUS.*) It's several bills. (*Into phone.*) But I couldn't let you up with nobody here. (*Turns in despair to GUS.*) They're coming up anyway they say, sir——

GUS. All right, let 'em come. And you rustle me up a little drink of straight whiskey, will you? Maybe you'd better bring the bottle.

MAC. (*Glancing at piano over L.*) You won't let them——

GUS. Not on your life. (*Exit MAC center. GUS goes to piano and plays a little—hums over a song on piano which has some cracked notes. A loud rap on the door.*) Come in. (*Two burly piano movers enter.*) Why knock?

JOE. (R.) Is that the piano?

GUS. (*Sitting on stool at piano*) Well, I don't know. Maybe you'd call it a piano. I wouldn't. How is the old man?

JOE. What?

GUS. How is old Stumph?

JOE. How do I know?

GUS. Has anybody killed him yet?

BILL. He's dead.

GUS. Well, you can't expect to make pianos like that and go on living just as though you had a blameless record.

JOE. Well, we didn't come here to have a chat—get busy, Bill. (*BILL starts for piano.*)

GUS. I think you're making a big mistake if you touch this piano.

BILL. Why?

GUS. Well, it's a nice warm spring day, and I should think you could find something better to do than to ride a piano around the street, for instance. (*MAC enters with bottle of whiskey and glass, sets it down on table c. and exits.*) Listen. How would you two boys like to go out and have a little friendly drink with me—only go out and have it by yourselves, because I always drink a full quart. (*Takes out a dollar bill.*)

JOE. I'm willin' to go an' come back, if that's all you want.

GUS. I don't want even that much. (*The piano movers glance dubiously at one another.*)

JOE. Come on, Bill—but listen—we'll be back. Don't fool yourself. (*They go out. Gus takes another drink, places bottle and glass on table up stage R.C. Almost immediately CAMILLA enters and closes the door, leaning against it, glancing in bird-like surprise at GUS R.*)

CAMILLA. (c.) Oh-h—

GUS. (*Over R.C.*) Welcome home, little stranger.

CAMILLA. Who were those two dreadful men? I thought they came out of my room—they did!

GUS. Well, you don't mind that, do you? You wouldn't want them in here.

CAMILLA. But what were they doing?

GUS. They were just going out. They came in by mistake.

CAMILLA. Has anything dreadful happened?

GUS. Nothing, but me.

CAMILLA. Oh, dear, you know I think the most wonderful thing in the world is to get home, and oh, the delicious smell of beefsteak. (*Looking gratefully at BEALS.*) How did you ever think of it? (*BEALS looks doubtful.*) I'm very glad to see you. (*She goes to him. Gives him her hands.*)

GUS. Well, I'm glad to see you, kid. I sure am.

CAMILLA. I haven't seen you for a long time.

GUS. And you wouldn't have seen me now, but I came to bring you a little bit of good news.

CAMILLA. (*With feeling*) Oh, no—not really? (*Sits chair, R. of table C.*)

GUS. Well, you're not going to cry about it, are you?

CAMILLA. I don't know. Maybe I am.

GUS. You are not. Now listen. In the first place—we're friends—(*Sits R.C.*)—aren't we?

CAMILLA. I should say we were, just the most wonderful friends—especially if you brought me good news.

GUS. Forget the good news, and let me tell you something. You thought the last time I saw you I was going to make love to you, didn't you?

CAMILLA. I thought you—did.

GUS. Now listen—I know everything.

CAMILLA. That must be wonderful.

GUS. I know you're a sweet kid, and you don't know anything about life, and you don't want to, yet—isn't that so?

CAMILLA. I don't know—probably—I don't know anything—I guess.

GUS. You thought that night I brought you here that I was never going—didn't you? You were afraid of me.

CAMILLA. Well, I thought you stayed rather late, I did, yes. But I wasn't afraid exactly.

GUS. You weren't afraid. Why?

CAMILLA. (*Hesitating*) Well——

GUS. (*Insisting*) Why weren't you afraid?

CAMILLA. Well——

GUS. I'm going to tell you. You weren't afraid because there was no need to be. I'm a gentleman. You never thought of that, did you?

CAMILLA. No. I mean—I would have been afraid just the same.

GUS. Oh, you *were* afraid.

CAMILLA. Well——

GUS. Listen here. No girl need be afraid of me. Understand?

CAMILLA. Yes, of course. I'm so glad.

GUS. I was kind of touched on the raw that night. I saw you *were* afraid, and I went off on a trip to Atlantic City the next day with a girl that wasn't——

CAMILLA. (*A little embarrassed*) Oh, did you have a nice time? It must be lovely down there.

GUS. The girl I took down was a lovely girl——

CAMILLA. Was she?

GUS. (*A little defiantly*) But when a girl's been married to two men who treat her like dirt, it makes her ideas change.

CAMILLA. Married to two—at once, do you mean?

GUS. No, a few years between, but both rotten—*she* appreciates a good fellow. Understand?

CAMILLA. Yes.

GUS. No. You don't. But here's the whole thing. I wouldn't—I never have, and I wouldn't—*kiss* a girl that didn't want me to. I didn't kiss you, did I?

CAMILLA. No, but you nearly did.

GUS. Why? Because you were just about all in, poor kid, and I was sorry for you, and all I could

thing of to do about it was to kiss you. Wasn't that silly? Well, anyway, to return to the good news. "Binks," you know, Bianchi, the big restaurant on the corner of Forty-sixth street—well, he wants to let you come up and sing there during supper. (*She moves away from him a little, laughing nervously.*)

CAMILLA. But I can't sing. You know I can't.

GUS. I told him you couldn't—that's why he wants you. He says they're tired of singing. You just go up and talk your way through a little song, and it won't annoy anybody—and if you're pretty, you get away with it.

CAMILLA. Oh—if I'm pretty——

GUS. I guess we don't have to worry about that, do we?

CAMILLA. I don't know. I suppose I could fix up a little.

GUS. Don't you dare to fix up.

CAMILLA. If he only wanted me to *play*.

GUS. Get away with the song and you can play if it amuses you. Nobody cares if you do. You see it was like this. Bianchi has a girl, a very clever Italian girl——

CAMILLA. Oh——

GUS. They had a fight last night, while I was there, and he fired her. She didn't care. She'll get on—she's that kind of a girl—and Bianchi came over to my table and said: "I wish I could get a cute pretty girl who *can't* sing—a blonde." I said "I know one—the very one." It was fixed up right there. Fifteen dollars a week and your dinner—sit alone at a table you know, pushing down the puree until it's time *not* to sing.

CAMILLA. Well—it was just too good of you.

GUS. You don't seem just crazy about the idea.

CAMILLA. I am—and simply *mad* about the puree!



## "BE CALM, CAMILLA"

Now I can tear this up. (*Takes clipping from her purse and shows it to Gus.*)

GUS. (*Reads*) "Professional entertainers wanted—three cents a word." You'd have to talk quite a lot to make anything— (*CAMILLA points to one.*) "Wanted—Piano player in moving picture theatre—no experience necessary, 434 West 38th St." Poor kid! (*CAMILLA takes clipping and tears it in two—drops it into waste-paper basket and is thoughtful for a moment.*) Cheer up!

CAMILLA. I was just thinking how— (*Rises, goes R.C.*)

GUS. Don't do it—it's a mistake.

CAMILLA. What a ridiculous dream I had when I came to the city.

GUS. Everybody has it—

CAMILLA. I don't know how or why in the world I thought I was ever going to do anything, how in the world I got the idea that anybody would want me. But I did. I thought they would want to hear me play on the piano! Wasn't it ridiculous?

GUS. Well, was it? You played to me that night I was here. Don't you remember? I like to hear you.

CAMILLA. Oh, how dear of you to say that, but now I know that—that I don't even play well. Think how you've got to play to get paid for it!

GUS. You've got to punish the piano.

CAMILLA. Why, it was absurd. The only people in the world that would want to hear me would be my family—if I had any. Don't you see? I am not what I thought I was at all. I'm nothing.

GUS. (*Rising and crossing to the piano*) Come on—let's lay out your programme. Here's a little ditty I just knocked out, kid. Use it for me, will you?

CAMILLA. (*Who is standing above piano-stool*)  
I'd love to—if——

GUS. If it's not too rotten?

CAMILLA. No—I mean if I could.

GUS. Well, it's kind of a nice melody, that's my part of it.

CAMILLA. Oh, you didn't write the words.

GUS. No. I only do comedy words. I've got a great little comedy song, "There's a Reason"—  
"There's a reason why I please the boys—a reason why I tease the boys." But I don't think it would suit you. (*He sings.*)

CAMILLA. No, I don't think I could do it. It seems more like a song for a brunette, doesn't it?

GUS. Yes, needs a lot of pep. The fellow who wrote the words for this song is kind of delicate. I like his stuff. It might not "get by" every time, it's too refined.

CAMILLA. Yes, but maybe people wouldn't notice that—I mean maybe your music would sort of make it all right.

GUS. Well, maybe. Listen, kid—(*Pulling music sheet from his pocket.*) You can sing from this maybe. It's a bum copy. The fellow at the factory just took it down for me.

CAMILLA. (*Taking copy*) Oh—"Somebody's Eyes"— (*GUS plays the introduction of song.*)

GUS. Yes. Sounds kind of sickening, but it's not—go on—try it.

CAMILLA. (*Sings*)

I know the world is a wonderful world,

And this is how I know.

Somebody's eyes looked into mine—

They told me it was so.

I know the skies are wonderful skies,

With sun and moon so bright.

(*Glances at GUS, who nods approvingly.*)

## "BE CALM, CAMILLA"

But I'll confess without somebody's eyes—  
The skies lose all their light!

GUS. *Re-frain.*

CAMILLA.

When you are thinking of somebody's eyes,  
Somebody's eyes, tender and wise,  
It doesn't matter what other eyes say,  
You turn away and sigh—  
Just for somebody's eyes.

GUS. (*Joining in*) Just for somebody's eyes——

CAMILLA.

Somebody's voice——

Whispers to you, "I always knew,  
Only to your eyes can my eyes be true.  
No other eyes will do!"

GUS. Great—second verse. (*CAMILLA rises and goes to L. of table c.*)

CAMILLA. Would you mind if I ate first?

GUS. (*Still plays the piano*) I should say not, poor kid—what am I thinking of! (*She sits. Just as she is about to eat, there is a hurried rap on the door.*)

CAMILLA. Who is it? (*The door opens, enter MAC.*)

MAC. (*Disturbed*) Oh, Miss, did you—is there a mistake perhaps?

CAMILLA. A mistake?

GUS. What is the trouble with the handsome waiter? (*Stops playing piano.*)

MAC. Why, it's just about the tray, Miss. It was ordered for thirty-two. Now forty-two sends down and asks where it is.

CAMILLA. (*To GUS*) Why, I thought you ordered it?

GUS. No, kid—I thought you ordered it.

MAC. That's what I thought. It's that girl at the switchboard. She hasn't her mind on anything but

where she was last night, or where she's a going to-night. (*Embarrassed.*)

CAMILLA. (*Putting cover over platter*) I took one little bite of steak, but I don't think forty-two will ever know it.

MAC. I'm sorry, Miss, indeed I am. I mean—to annoy you with the tray. It's all my fault. I mean all *her* fault.

CAMILLA. That's all right, Mac—I will order later. (*MAC exits.*)

GUS. (*Goes to her, stands L.*) Now, I'll tell you what we'll do. You're going to come out and have a nice little supper with me.

CAMILLA. No, no—truly I couldn't.

GUS. Why not?

CAMILLA. Well, I want to practice. Isn't it ridiculous—no one wants me to—still I feel that I must. I haven't touched that piano to-day, and I didn't yesterday.

GUS. Well, touch it. Just touch it and let it go at that. Say, how do you like this joint?

CAMILLA. Why, it's all right.

GUS. Say, I just thought of it. You know, I've got the grandest little studio up on Central Park West: two rooms and bath, and a kitchenette and a great big room with a baby grand piano—belongs to a crazy gink. He's gone out to California to get married—and he may never come back.

CAMILLA. How lovely!

GUS. I was thinking if your name was only William, instead of Camilla, we could live as nice as you please till you got going.

CAMILLA. Oh, how dear of you to think of such a thing, but my name is not William.

GUS. Well, it's too late to do anything about that now. So the best we can do is do the best we can.

CAMILLA. Yes, the best we can. It's so little

compared to what we could do—if we could just do—our worst!

GUS. Say, kid, now don't faint, but—— (*With impressiveness.*) You know I was *married* once. (*Goes to head of table center, facing front.*)

CAMILLA. Were you really?

GUS. And I said: "Never again. Let me out—forgive me and I'll never get mixed up with anyone again but the lady on Bedloe's Island—Liberty." Well, here's where I change my mind.

CAMILLA. Oh, here?

GUS. Yes, if you want to go through with me. I'm ready. The big, old ring and everything—what do you say?

CAMILLA. Why, I just can't say anything. It's so wonderful to think of your being willing to do it.

GUS. Well, I don't know. Are *you* willing—that's the question.

CAMILLA. Oh, no—I—I—I couldn't.

GUS. Don't like me well enough. Say, kid, I don't like to hand myself any orchids, but I'm the kind of fellow that gets along.

CAMILLA. I'm sure you are—it isn't that.

GUS. If my bankroll isn't big to-day, it's no sign that it won't be big to-morrow.

CAMILLA. Of course not. I know it isn't. I mean I know it will be.

GUS. I'm the fellow with the smile, get me?

CAMILLA. Yes, I know; it's so important.

GUS. The fellow with the smile. If I get knocked down, I don't know it, see?

CAMILLA. (*A little faint and confused*) Yes, it's splendid—it's the only way to get knocked down—I'm sure——

GUS. I get up—see what I mean?

CAMILLA. Yes, of course, and that's even more important than getting knocked down.



"BE CALM, CAMILLA"

*See page 18*



GUS. (*A little uneasy*) Poor kid! Here——!  
(*Goes to bureau up stage, gets whiskey, sets it down on table c.*) Have a little drop of *this*. It will do you good.

CAMILLA. No, truly, I don't want it.

GUS. Come on—it will make you forget all your troubles.

CAMILLA. No. Why forget them? They won't forget me.

GUS. Ah, come on. Just a little taste. (*Putting glass to her lips.*)

CAMILLA. Stop, please! I don't want to forget. If I have to begin to forget I'd rather forget altogether—I don't care about living if I've got to begin to forget.

GUS. Then there's nothing I can do for you?

CAMILLA. You're not angry with me, are you?

GUS. I am not. I only just wish I could fix things up for you. If you won't be my lawfully wedded wife, why not be a sister to me and come up to the studio? Can you cook?

CAMILLA. I can make coffee——

GUS. (*With enthusiasm*) Come on, come on—nobody'll know the difference. The janitor's crazy as a loon and his wife has got six children—all of 'em down in the cellar, with a fox terrier dog. They're not going to think about you—don't you know it?

CAMILLA. Yes, I know, and I'd love to do it, but I just couldn't.

GUS. Just couldn't because of what people would say.

CAMILLA. Well, yes—I suppose so.

GUS. But *who*? Who's going to say anything?

CAMILLA. Well, my ancestors!

GUS. Good Lord! Well, of course if your ancestors are on the job—might as well give up.

CAMILLA. I'm sorry, but they just seem to be



about all I have left—the only people I can count on.

GUS. Well, let me know if there's anything I can do for you, kid. Call up Bianchi, and I'll drop in and see him, just to make sure that you get the place.

CAMILLA. Oh, must you go? (*Rising.*) I just can't thank you. You'll never know how I appreciate all you've been willing to do for me.

GUS. Believe me, it was going some when I offered to put on the old ball and chain.

CAMILLA. I'm so sorry, Some time you must tell me about *her*, and what happened, and what she is.

GUS. I don't know—thank God! By-by, dear. (*Exit GUS.*)

CAMILLA. (*Goes to piano, sits and sings*) I know the world is a wonderful world— (*Not satisfied.*) A wonderful world— (*Smiling.*) A wonderful world— (*Wistfully.*) I know the world is a wonderful world— (*Puts her head down on the piano. Voices off break in upon her rudely.*)

BILL. An' I says to him, I says: "What do you take me for? I wasn't born yesterday," I says.

JOE. No—nor the day before yesterday.

BILL. (*Indulgently*) That's right, nor the day before *that*.

CAMILLA. (*Raises her head*) Oh——! (*Startled.*) What is it—what do you want? (*Rising.*)

BILL. (*Enters with JOE, more cheerful after their drinks*) Stumph's Piano Works, Miss.

CAMILLA. Oh! (*Near piano.*)

BILL. Come for the piano.

CAMILLA. Oh—you're not going to take it away—

JOE. (*R. of CAMILLA*) (*As SLATTERY hesitates*) Well, that's just as you say—if you pay the bill, we'll let it go, and leave 'er, what say, Bill?

BILL. Sure.

CAMILLA. I'm sorry—I can't pay the bill to-night.

I might to-morrow—because I—I've just received an offer to sing somewhere——

JOE. Oh——

CAMILLA. And I could probably pay for the piano to-morrow, but not to-night.

BILL. Where are you going to sing, Miss?

CAMILLA. In Bianchi's restaurant.

JOE. Oh——

BILL. That's the corner of Forty-sixth Street.

JOE. No—Forty-eighth Street.

BILL. No, it ain't. It's Forty-seventh Street—that's where it is—just opposite the movin' pictures.

JOE. Well, no matter where it is, it's somewhere.

BILL. It ain't much of a place.

JOE. Say, that don't make any difference.

BILL. Don't it?

JOE. Where do you think my sister started to sing? In a circus. You know what a circus is. You can't hear anything in the first place. Well, she made a great success.

BILL. You don't say.

JOE. Where do you think she is now? In the Metropolitan Opera House. Yes, sir; that's where she is now.

BILL. What's she doing there?

JOE. She's cleanin' up—that's what she's doin'——

BILL. That's what I thought. (*The telephone rings.*)

CAMILLA. (*To the men*) Excuse me a moment. (*Goes to phone.*) Yes, yes—Bianchi's Restaurant. Yes, I was expecting you to call me. (*Cheerfully.*) Oh, yes, yes, I understand. She's come back. (*Drooping, but brave.*) Well, well, that's quite all right. I—I was very doubtful about accepting anyway, because I don't sing very well. No, I am—a—well—I play, you see—the piano. Yes. Good—

bye. I—— (*desperately hoping for an instant.*)  
Good-bye.

JOE. I thought you said you were a singer.

CAMILLA. No. I hardly sing at all. You can take the piano. I've lost my engagement. Shall I take the things off the top?

BILL. (*Sympathetic*) No, leave 'em, Miss. I'm fairly sickened with the whole thing. What with Joe's sister's singin' in a circus and Bianchi's not bein' on Forty-seventh Street where it's always been—we'll come back. You was out—see? We couldn't get the pianner. That's all—good-night.

JOE. (*Also affected*) Good-night, Miss, an' don't be discouraged. I never heard you sing, but my sister's voice was something fierce, and think what she did with it—in the Metropolitan—chorus—but you know, workin' up to leadin' parts. Good-night.

(CAMILLA sits a moment alone on piano stool. A rap at the door. MAC enters apologetically with tray.)

MAC. Excuse me, Miss. Might I just leave this tray in here? I'm on my way to thirty-eight. I'll be a few minutes. Forty-two hardly touched anything, so it'll all go to waste. Oh, yes, well, that's life, Miss!

CAMILLA. (*Looking at him sadly*) You dear, good soul, you brought that tray back because you thought I was hungry.

MAC. No, Miss, but if you are, just take a bite before you order. I heated the coffee up a little. (*He sets tray down on table c.*)

CAMILLA. (*Rising*) Oh, how kind you are—how kind they are—how kind everything is but life. Life makes it impossible—quite impossible to go on.

MAC. (*Worried*) Does it, Miss? (CAMILLA

*crossed her hands on her breast, murmuring words he cannot hear.*) I beg your pardon, Miss, did you say anything?

CAMILLA. I was just speaking to myself, Mac. When I was a little, oh, a tiny little girl, my mother taught me to say something when I got excited or worried about anything.

MAC. (*With great respect*) Oh, Miss—a prayer?

CAMILLA. Well yes, Mac. It's a sort of prayer, only it's addressed to myself. She told me to close my eyes and say, "Be calm, Camilla!"

MAC. I see, Miss—and does it work?

CAMILLA. Well, sometimes it does.

MAC. Well, that's all you can ask, Miss, of any prayer.

CAMILLA. (*With a far-away look*) Yes.

MAC. (*Anxiously*) Oh, Miss, if only—if only I could do something for you—— But the tips in this place they just ain't anything at all. Oh, Miss, the tips I used ~~to get in the country~~ place down on Long Island—at the Applegates'—those was the days! —I can't do ~~anything~~—I'm just helpless—that's what I am—and you just like you might ~~be~~ an Applegate.

CAMILLA. Well, Mac, sad as everything is, I wouldn't ~~want to be~~ an Applegate.

MAC. Oh, that's the only way to be, Miss. Rich—~~rich, then you don't see~~ what I do here.

CAMILLA. Don't feel so badly, Mac. You are a dear, good, kind man—that's all that any one can ask a man to be.

MAC. (*Much disturbed*) But look at you, Miss. Why should you be here? I ask you, Miss. You don't belong here. I ask you—why should you be here? (*Picking up bottle.*) Excuse me—I'll just take this to thirty-eight—I—I'll be back again, Miss. (*He goes out.*)

CAMILLA. Why should I be here—— Well, I am—— (*Puts on her hat in a kind of daze. Takes clippings out of the scrap-basket and puts the pieces together.*) Four-thirty-four West Thirty-eighth Street. (*Exits c.*)

CURTAIN

## ACT I.

### SCENE II

TIME: *One week later.*

SCENE: CAMILLA'S room in the hospital. It is a private room and has been fitted up with everything that can be permitted in such a room for comfort and to make it attractive. A flowering almond tree is near the bed—rose-colored curtains in the window—a jar of pink roses on the table. A silk quilt across the foot of the bed. A chaise-longue with pillows and another silky coverlet. A pink dressing-gown and slippers to match on chair near the bed.

ON RISE: CAMILLA is in the bed, her eyes closed—a peaceful expression on her face.

CAMILLA. (*Singing to herself*) "I know the world is a wonderful world, and this is how I know——"

ALMA. (*Entering with a vase of roses, crosses to table near window up R., sets flowers on it*) Somebody's happy this morning.

CAMILLA. Oh—more beautiful roses!

ALMA. Yes—no card—but they're from the same place. So, of course they're from *him*. (*Crosses around to bed, stands L.*)

CAMILLA. Of course.

ALMA. Voice is coming back, isn't it?

CAMILLA. It is back. I haven't very much you know.

ALMA. You haven't? Well—we all thought you were a singer.

CAMILLA. Why did you think I had a voice, Alma?

ALMA. Well, when you were delirious, the day after you were brought in, you kept talking about your song—and then you would sing sometimes, in a beautiful, high voice, you'd sing that song you were just humming.

CAMILLA. Really? I wish I could do it now.

ALMA. My, what a lucky girl you are. Just suppose you'd been run over by a delivery wagon!

CAMILLA. I know, wouldn't it have been terrible?

ALMA. You certainly picked out the right man. Did you see him at all?

CAMILLA. No, I only saw the car.

ALMA. He was driving it himself, you know. Oh, they said he felt something terrible.

CAMILLA. It seemed to be all blazing with light, like a golden car. I thought it was Phoebus Apollo, come down to earth.

ALMA. It was the brass, I suppose, and he said the sun was right in his eyes.

CAMILLA. It looked perfectly huge. It seemed to fill up the whole street. I just couldn't help getting under it.

ALMA. I suppose he'll be coming to see you, when he gets back.

CAMILLA. Oh, do you think so? But I'm getting so well? I won't be here much longer.

ALMA. Well, he'll come to see you wherever you live then, or he'll send someone. Oh, he's going to look out for you. Why wouldn't he? My brother says he's one of the six richest men in New York City. You could sue him, you know, and get your money that way, if you wanted to.

CAMILLA. (*Shocked*) Oh, sue anyone who sent me this beautiful almond tree and let me lie in this heavenly place and rest?

ALMA. Well, I don't think you'll have to. Listen, dear, I've been wondering why you didn't ask us to send for your father and mother.

CAMILLA. Why, I haven't any. They both—I lost them years ago.

ALMA. But the first time you were conscious, you asked to see them.

CAMILLA. Oh, I must tell you, I thought I was in heaven.

ALMA. Didn't you see me?

CAMILLA. Yes, but it seemed all right. I'm sure that there will be a dear doctor and a darling nurse beside me, when I wake up in Heaven. I hope so, anyway.

ALMA. Well, you're a funny girl. Bless your heart. You know our doctor's sick.

CAMILLA. Oh, is he?

ALMA. Yes, you'll have a new doctor to-day, Dr. Reamy. He's very handsome, too. All the nurses are crazy about him. He's younger than Dr. Greer and he's not married.

CAMILLA. Oh, but I love my dear, gray doctor the best, is he very ill?

ALMA. Oh no, he'll be back to-morrow. He overworks, you know, and they make him lay off once in a while. He may not be sick at all, he may be out taking a ride in the country.

CAMILLA. Oh, I do hope he is.

ALMA. (*A rap at the door. Going to door L.I.E.*) It's that young man who's been here every day, Mr. Beals, and he has an old man with him—Mr. Brownlow, would you like to see them?

CAMILLA. Why, yes. But I don't know who Mr. Brownlow is. Perhaps I'd better just see Mr. Beals first.

ALMA. (*To orderly at door*) All right, let Mr.



Sit up abt Beals up. Would you like to put on "pinkie"—and be on the lounge?

CAMILLA. Yes, let me—unless you think the doctor will say I'm well enough to go home, if I do.

*(She gets up and ALMA helps her into gown and slippers, assists her to lounge over R.C.)*

ALMA. No, my dear, believe me, they'll never send you home until your bill is paid. People have been here and had twins for less than what Mr. Patterson's got to come across with.

CAMILLA. It must be wonderful to leave the place with twins. Still, I love my little almond tree. I can take that with me. *(Glancing around.)*

ALMA. I bet you'll leave this place in his car.

CAMILLA. Why, Alma Robins Hathaway, how could that be?

ALMA. Well, all kinds of things happens in this world, you know! It's the funniest old world I ever was in. *(Tap on door. CAMILLA rests on the chaise-longue. ALMA goes to door and opens it.)*

ALMA. Come right in, Mr. Beals.

GUS. *(Tiptoeing in. In a soft voice, going to CAMILLA, taking her hand)* Hello, kid, how are you?

CAMILLA. I'm perfectly splendid, how are you?

GUS. Well, you look all right, anyway.

CAMILLA. This is Alma, my nurse.

GUS. Glad to meet you. *(Looking at ALMA approvingly.)* Well, I don't wonder you got better.

CAMILLA. Isn't she nice, and don't you love her cap?

GUS. I sure do! Say, how did you do it? I'd like to get laid up in this joint for a few weeks.

ALMA. *(She is standing L.)* Do you mind if I

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straighten up a little? (*Spreading up bed, leaving one corner turned down.*)

CAMILLA. No, Alma, we love to have you straighten up, don't we?

GUS. (*Crosses and sits chair R. of lounge R.C.*) I should say so; give her the freedom of the city. (*ALMA looks at him laughingly. To CAMILLA.*) Now tell me all about it. You know I've been here every day.

CAMILLA. I know you have. They wouldn't let me see anybody; they said the excitement would be bad for me.

GUS. Is it all right now? (*Turns.*) Is it all right now, Alma?

ALMA. (*Looks up in astonishment*) Yes, quite all right.

GUS. (*To CAMILLA*) You're not excited now, are you?

CAMILLA. Oh, yes, but it's quite all right for me to be excited now. I can be excited and eat ice cream and everything.

GUS. Well, say, you ran right out and got run over just as quick as I left you that night, didn't you?

CAMILLA. Yes, I didn't waste very much time, did I?

GUS. I heard about the rotten deal Bianchi gave you. I went in and hit him right in the eye. I don't suppose you read about it in the paper.

CAMILLA. No, I didn't.

GUS. Oh, yes, I got arrested and everything.

CAMILLA. How dreadful!

GUS. No, I had a fine time in jail, met a lot of fellows I knew, nice fellows down in the Alimony Club.

CAMILLA. The Alimony Club, what's that?

GUS. (*As ALMA laughs*) I bet Alma knows. Why, a lot of fellows whose wives like to know

where they are keep them down in Ludlow Street Jail.

CAMILLA. But I think they'd rather not know where they are, than have them there.

GUS. Well, almost everybody would, but a wife. Those boys haven't the price to escape from the holy bonds of matrimony.

CAMILLA. Isn't that terrible?

ALMA. (*Patting the pillow*) Quite right that they have to pay; being a wife unfits a girl for anything else. They'd be able to take care of themselves, girls would, if men would let them alone.

GUS. That's too much to ask of us, Alma, it is really—— (*To CAMILLA.*) Well, I read all about you in the paper. Junius Patterson. Did you know who it was when you leaped under the car? Here, I've been carrying it around ever since. (*Taking paper from his pocket. Reads.*) "Junius Patterson picked up the limp body of the girl, and placing it in his car, hurried to the nearest hospital."

CAMILLA. Oh, do let me see. How exciting! And to think it was *me*. (*She takes the paper and reads.*)

GUS. (*To ALMA*) You know I always dreaded having to walk by a place like this, and now I walk right in, as though it was Childs'. Sit around while I'm waiting to hear how the kid is, invalids run their wheeled chairs right over my feet, and I never turn a hair—isn't it funny? And they talk about a hospital room, it's just the same as any other room—only it's clearer, isn't that so?

ALMA. Oh, well, all the rooms aren't like this, you know. Mr. Patterson had this room fixed up, to be cheerful when she came to, if she did.

GUS. Oh, was there any doubt about it?

ALMA. Oh, yes, indeed. You can't tell at first what they're going to do.

CAMILLA. (*A little excited*) But how *can* a man be president of so many things and director of so many more, and member of so many clubs, and yacht-owner and sportsman? How *can* a man be so many things at once?

GUS. That's easy; all you've got to do is get to be one thing first. If it's *big* enough, you can spread right out.

ALMA. If *you're* big enough, you mean——

GUS. If *I'm* big enough?

ALMA. If you're a man like Mr. Patterson.

GUS. Well, you wouldn't ask me to be quite as big as that, would you? Let me just have a modest income of a hundred thousand dollars, and work up to something good as I grow older. (*ALMA laughs.*)

CAMILLA. Alma saw him, you know.

GUS. Oh, she did.

ALMA. Yes, indeed I did. And he was in this very room, he didn't care for it much either. He made me promise if he sent the things I'd fix it up, and I promised. Just for that I got a twenty-dollar bill.

GUS. My! I'd be afraid to ask you to fix up anything for *me*. (*ALMA laughs.*) Speaking of men with large incomes and limousines, you didn't want to see old Mac, did you?

CAMILLA. Mac? From the hotel? Of course, where is he?

GUS. Why, he's downstairs waiting for me.

CAMILLA. But they said Mr. Brownlow.

GUS. I suppose that's his calling name.

CAMILLA. Oh, but I would love to see him! The dear old waiter, Alma, from the hotel where I used to live.

GUS. I'll go down and get him.

ALMA. No, stay where you are, Mr. Beals, I'll let him up. (*Exits ALMA L.*)

GUS. Gee! I wish I could get stepped on by some rich lady and laid up in a place like this. Is that Mr. Patterson's pink negligee, too?

CAMILLA. (*Nodding*) I've never sent to the hotel for anything. There was nothing to send for. Everything you could think of was here, even the little handkerchief to cry on. I don't know how he ever thought of the things.

GUS. Maybe his wife.

CAMILLA. (*After a moment*) Oh, do you think he is married?

GUS. I suppose so, don't you?

CAMILLA. But in that article it spoke of his having all those other things, horses and yachts, but it didn't speak of any wives.

GUS. Well, maybe he's only got one and they didn't think that would show up very well—along with the other large supplies.

CAMILLA. Well, probably he is married; it's all right if he is.

GUS. Yes, nothing against him. Probably not his fault.

CAMILLA. (*With confidence*) But even if she picked out all the rest, I'm sure he bought the almond tree.

GUS. (*Looking at it, and going up c.*) Is that what it is? Pretty.

CAMILLA. It's not what a wife would get; she would send a basket of something.

GUS. A basket of vegetables, perhaps.

CAMILLA. It doesn't look womanly, does it?

GUS. Well, it doesn't look manly either—

CAMILLA. Oh, but it does. It just looks to me like a beautiful pink apology from a man to a girl he's run over.

GUS. Well, perhaps you're right. I never ran

over anybody, so I don't know whether I'd begin to throw around things like that or not.

*(Door opens, admitting ALMA and MAC. MAC has a small brown paper bag in one hand; it contains a little bunch of arbutus, but this is not disclosed until later. Meanwhile, he is troubled by the presence of the bag, shifting it from one hand to the other.)*

CAMILLA. *(As he approaches timidly)* Mac, I'm so glad to see you.

MAC. I just had to come, Miss. And if I'd known where you were, I'd 'a' been here long ago.

*(GUS crosses to ALMA down L. Stands with back to the audience, talking to her.)*

CAMILLA. Sit down, Mac, and tell me how are thirty-eight and forty-two getting along?

MAC. Indeed, I couldn't tell you, Miss. I've left the Belle-Mary.

CAMILLA. Oh, you have?

MAC. Yes, Miss, and but for my meeting him—Mr. Beals—I might never have known what become of you.

ALMA. I think you'd better go, Mr. Beals—

GUS. *(To CAMILLA)* Alma says I'm going. See you to-morrow, girlie! *(Starts for door and stops. MAC rises as if to go at once.)*

ALMA. You can stay a little while, Mr. Brownlow.

MAC. Thank you, Miss, but now that I've seen her, it's all right.

ALMA. You can stay until the doctor comes in. It'll only be a few minutes now. *(ALMA exits with*

GUS. *He has her arm and is engaged in earnest conversation.)*

CAMILLA. Sit down, Mac; you've left the hotel, but where are you—and what are you doing?

MAC. *(Sitting by her timidly, on chair L. of lounge)* Well, Miss, I was very sick the night you went away—maybe you noticed that I never came back. It was really on your account, Miss, not that I blame you in any way—

CAMILLA. Oh, really? What happened?

MAC. I emptied the bottle, Miss—yes indeed, I did. It breaks out on me sometimes.

CAMILLA. *(A little mystified)* The bottle?

MAC. Yes, Miss. I lost my job, and a good thing, too, Miss. For the Belle-Mary was no place for me, no more than it was for you, not to put myself with you in any way, but it just wasn't. I was meant to be in a private house, Miss, and so was you.

CAMILLA. No, Mac, no—I think I was meant to be in a hospital.

MAC. *(Smiling)* Well, indeed, Miss, I'm happy to see you in such a nice one, it ain't like some I've been in.

CAMILLA. You must tell me, Mac, where you're living now.

MAC. I will, Miss; I'll give you my address, so if you *should* need me in any way you'll know where I am. *(Takes out waiter's pad and pencil, writes and reads aloud.)* "McNeil Brownlow, care of Allie Hannigan, 460 Eighth Street, East." *(Hands it to CAMILLA.)*

CAMILLA. "Allie Hannigan?" Who is she, Mac?

MAC. She's my brother's wife, Miss. He's gone some years now.

CAMILLA. Oh, and you're staying with her.

MAC. Yes, Miss. I'd not been there in a good







while, but she knew me when I came in. I was a bit wild that night, Miss.

CAMILLA. Oh, I can't imagine it, Mac.

MAC. Oh, yes, and I just stayed on there—I'm taking a cure.

CAMILLA. Oh, does it make you feel better?

MAC. It's all right, Miss. She puts it in my coffee, Allie does. Just like she did for my brother.

CAMILLA. And did it cure him?

MAC. Yes, Miss. He never took a drop for two months before he died.

CAMILLA. But he *did* die?

MAC. 'Twasn't what she gave him, no, Miss. He fell off a truck, when he was as sober as I am.

CAMILLA. Oh, I'm glad. I mean I'm glad it wasn't what she gave him.

MAC. No, Miss, it's just a harmless thing like bird-seed, she puts it in the coffee.

CAMILLA. But doesn't it spoil the coffee?

MAC. Well, Miss, I'm not saying I'll ever feel quite the same to coffee again. Not that it tastes different, but I know the cure is in it.

CAMILLA. Mac, what have you in that little bag?

MAC. I don't know whether to give it to you or not, Miss. It's just a little bunch of flowers I bought on the street.

CAMILLA. Is that what smells so sweet? Oh——!  
(*As he takes it out.*) Trailing arbutus—the woods!  
Oh! How heavenly. (*A tap on the door.*) Oh, I guess that's the doctor, Mac! Will you go see?  
(*MAC goes to door and admits JUNIUS PATTERSON.*)

(*JUNIUS goes to CAMILLA and stands looking down at her.*)

JUNIUS. Well, how's the patient?

CAMILLA. Oh, Doctor, she's perfectly splendid,

only afraid that you'll send her away, she's so well.

MAC. (*Over L.*) I'll just be going, Miss——

CAMILLA. Good-by, Mac. And don't forget me, and I won't forget you. Doctor, this is the dear, kind waiter from the hotel where I lived. He used to bring me in things to eat that belonged to other people; yes, he did, really!

MAC. That's all right, Miss. I wish I could do it again. Good-bye, sir. I hope she will have the grandest health, and all that a lovely lady like herself deserves. A private house, Miss, that's the place!

CAMILLA. Good-bye, dear Mac! (*MAC exits L.I.E.*) Well, Doctor, what do you want me to tell you?

JUNIUS. (*After looking at her a moment. He sits chair L. of lounge R.C.*) Just—did it hurt you?

CAMILLA. (*Surprised*) Oh—the—the—the—accident?

JUNIUS. Yes, the accident. Did you know about it? Did you—did it hurt you?

CAMILLA. I don't know. I've forgotten—but I remember that I thought it was perfectly splendid.

JUNIUS. Oh, no.

CAMILLA. Yes. I'll tell you *why*, shall I?

JUNIUS. Please do. You were crossing the street——

CAMILLA. Yes. I was crossing the street, and I was sort of faint. I hadn't had my dinner yet, and I hadn't had time to have any lunch—but I didn't realize how faint I was. To tell the truth—shall I tell you the truth?

JUNIUS. Yes, if you don't mind. I wish you would.

CAMILLA. Well, I'd just had a great disappointment—because I thought I was going to have an engagement to sing in a restaurant. That seems a terrible thing to be glad about—but I was, and then I

heard they didn't want me—and I went out for a little walk—to think things over. It was just at sunset——

JUNIUS. Yes.

CAMILLA. And on a cross street there came this glorious thing——

JUNIUS. Yes. You mean——

CAMILLA. I mean, this golden car—that was what it looked like to me—and larger than any car in the world—and getting larger all the time, and golden—I thought—Doctor, you will laugh at me—but I was faint and sort of not responsible—I thought it was Phoebus Apollo—come down for me!

JUNIUS. (*Smiling*) Why, you dear child.

CAMILLA. It was really Mr. Junius Patterson on his way to the ferryboat, in the sunset.

JUNIUS. Well, tell me—did you rush to meet Phoebus, or how did it happen?

CAMILLA. I don't know. There was a glorious crash. The car seemed to leap at me. I might have rushed a little—I really don't remember.

JUNIUS. I see—and you were feeling badly because they wouldn't let you sing in a restaurant. What sort of restaurant?

CAMILLA. Oh! Just a little Italian place—but it would have been nice, because they would have given me my dinner, and no one would have known about it.

JUNIUS. Oh, you wouldn't have wanted anyone to know about it.

CAMILLA. No; I would have felt terribly disgraced, you see, because I wanted to do something so different. But I don't think I can do that either. (*Her voice trails off.*)

JUNIUS. Well, you sing, do you?

CAMILLA. No, I don't.

JUNIUS. But I thought you were going to sing in the restaurant?

CAMILLA. Well, they didn't mind my not being able to. But, Doctor, a very strange thing has happened. I want to ask you about this. I wonder—I wonder if you can do anything about it.

JUNIUS. I'm sure I can, what is it?

CAMILLA. Well, when I was quite out of my head—here in the hospital—I sang, the nurse says, in a lovely, high voice. Now, where do you suppose it is?

JUNIUS. Why, right where it was.

CAMILLA. But it never was.

JUNIUS. You did sing, though at times, when you were conscious, didn't you?

CAMILLA. Only like this—(*singing*)—"I know the world is a wonderful world." Now, that isn't lovely, is it? It isn't high.

JUNIUS. It may not be high, but it is lovely.

CAMILLA. But I want it to be high.

JUNIUS. Well, as soon as you're well enough, we'll have it made high.

CAMILLA. Oh, doctor. (*Putting her hand on his arm.*) How wonderful you are! I like you, yes I do—just as much as my dear gray doctor. (*She sniffs the arbutus.*) Doctor, isn't this heavenly? Isn't it just the breath of the woods?

JUNIUS. *Isn't it?* Do you love the woods?

CAMILLA. Oh, the woods—to lie and listen, to the things that are being said in the tree-tops! (*Returns to arbutus.*) My dear old waiter brought me this, and Doctor, I wish something could be done for him.

JUNIUS. What do you want done for him?

CAMILLA. Well, aren't there any nice cures that people can take, that don't spoil their coffee?

JUNIUS. (*Amused*) Why, it seems as if there must be, doesn't it? He's taking a cure in his coffee?

CAMILLA. Yes, he—well he drinks, you know—not all the time. He's been perfectly sober for weeks at the hotel. All the time I was there, until the night I left, and I *do* think I'm responsible for his taking it up again. You see—he was worried about me.

JUNIUS. Well then, we'll do something for him.

CAMILLA. (*Delighted*) Really? Oh, how wonderful it must be to be like you. Think of being able to promise all that you've promised me. When am I going to see you again though? Because my dear, gray doctor will be back to-morrow.

JUNIUS. So will I. (*The door opens and ALMA comes in with medicine. Sets it on table L. of bed L.C. She looks pleased and surprised to see PATTERSON.*) Must I go? (*Rising.*)

ALMA. No, sir; you don't need to go yet. The Doctor has been detained.

CAMILLA. The Doctor! (*Looking up at JUNIUS.*) But you—I thought you—aren't *you*—the Doctor?

ALMA. No, dear, this is Mr. Patterson! (*Exit L.*)

CAMILLA. Then you, you—

JUNIUS. Forgive me, won't you! (*Sitting by her.*)

CAMILLA. Why, of course. (*Taking her little handkerchief and putting it to her eyes.*) But I don't know what to say to you.

JUNIUS. I thought perhaps you might not, and that was why I was glad you thought I was the doctor. Because, you've told him a lot of things, haven't you, that you would never have told me.

CAMILLA. But, oh! I have so much to thank you for.

JUNIUS. (*Moved*) Oh no, my dear—don't say that!

CAMILLA. Oh, yes, I have. I've had such a happy time in this room you fixed for me, and most of all I want to thank you for the beautiful almond tree.

JUNIUS. Oh, did you like it?

CAMILLA. I could never tell you how much. You—you *did* buy it for me, didn't you?

JUNIUS. Of course. Who did you think?

CAMILLA. Oh, I thought you did—but—someone who was here, said it might have been your wife. (*Looking at him gently.*)

JUNIUS. (*After a moment*) No. Mrs. Patterson is not in the city at present.

CAMILLA. (*Softly*) Oh! (*After a little moment of disappointment at learning he has a wife.*) Then you are responsible for everything, even *this*—(*Touching the gown.*) And this—(*The little handkerchief.*)

JUNIUS. Yes, in a way. Though I never saw them face to face, as I did the almond-tree. A very pleasant gray-haired lady picked them out.

CAMILLA. (*Naively*) Oh, I'm glad her hair was gray. Not that it matters now.

JUNIUS. (*Amused, but indulgent*) You like the woods, you said—(*ALMA enters with spoon.*) Now that you're better, I think we'll take you up there. (*Turning to ALMA.*) Wouldn't that be a good idea, nurse?

ALMA. It would do her a lot of good, Mr. Patterson.

JUNIUS. Yes, I think so. My house is open, up on the lake—I don't get up there very much, but it's beautiful. You could go up there, couldn't you? (*To ALMA.*)

ALMA. I wouldn't wonder, sir. I could take my vacation.

JUNIUS. Yes, for she'd want someone she knew with her. And I'll be up there once in a while. (*With a smile at CAMILLA.*) Will you go?

CAMILLA. (*Softly*) Yes, yes, I will—for you are, Phoebus Apollo!

JUNIUS. (*Rising*) And I promise that I'll drive very carefully in future. (*He takes her hand and after looking at her for a moment stoops and kisses it. He goes to the door accompanied by ALMA.* Is she tired of roses?

ALMA. No, sir, she *loves* them! (*PATTERSON exits. Repeating to herself after his exit.*) Is she tired of roses? (*Returning.*) My! Isn't he grand?

CAMILLA. (*Softly*) But, Alma—he is married!

ALMA. I know it.

CAMILLA. I thought his face looked sad, Alma, when he spoke of his wife.

ALMA. Well, maybe it did—lots of men's faces look sad when they speak of their wives. I'm going to ask Dr. Greer about him. He knows all the swell scandal! (*Looking at CAMILLA.*) I think I'll put you back to bed. (*Turns down the covers on bed.*)

CAMILLA. Alma, we are grown women, we must not deceive ourselves.

ALMA. Who's deceiving themselves?

CAMILLA. Isn't he a man of the world, Alma?

ALMA. Why, yes, I suppose he is.

CAMILLA. And he knows I'm a woman of the world, because I told him I was going to sing in a restaurant.

ALMA. Don't be worrying about all those things—think of him taking you up to those beautiful woods!

CAMILLA. I am thinking about it! (*Crossing her hands on her breast.*) Be calm, Camilla!

CURTAIN



## ACT II

### SCENE I

TIME: *A month later.*

PLACE: JUNIUS PATTERSON'S house, *Camp Wilderness, in the Adirondacks.*

SCENE: *The living-room looking out on the lake. This room is finished in cedar wood. A large door opens on a veranda up stage L. The windows have window-seats and cushions. A stone fireplace c. with deep, comfortable chairs. A library table of wood like the walls—handsome Indian rugs on floor and walls. A baby-grand piano, near this the almond tree; its blossoms gone.*

ON RISE: MAC discovered taking letters and newspapers out of a little leather bag—he arranges the papers on table. There are also magazines in the bag. There is a davenport down stage c. facing the fireplace up c. There is a bench in front of the davenport.

ALMA. (*Coming briskly down the stairs*) Mac, it's time for her egg and she's not back—I wish you'd go down to the lake and call.

MAC. (*Over L. at table*) I was just down there, Miss Robins—Burkhardt is teaching her to paddle.

ALMA. (*Standing up c.*) Mercy—what is there in that—but to take off your shoes and stockings?

MAC. No—to paddle the canoe—it's quite a trick. First on one side and then on the other—as though you never were able to decide which. Now rowing—there's something about that I can understand, but to paddle—believe me—is a trick.

ALMA. Go back and call her, will you, Mac? I'd go myself, but I can't in these slippers. The pine needles go right through and prick my feet something awful.

MAC. All right, Miss Robins. (*Enter GUS BEALS. He stands in doorway of veranda L.U.E.*)

GUS. Is this Camp Wilderness?

ALMA. (*Looking at him surprised and pleased*) Why, Mr. Beals—it's never you!

GUS. How's the queen of the nurses? (*Crosses to her, shakes hands.*)

ALMA. Why, Mr. Beals—how did you ever get away up here?

GUS. The little old railroad train, Alma—and then the buckboards and rowboats, and so forth, all working over time finally landed G. Beals at your door.

ALMA. (R.) Well, it's fine to see you! Isn't it, Mac?

MAC. (L. with a tinge of anxiety) It is indeed, sir, I'm sure.

GUS. (C.) My four trunks will arrive a little later. (*Seeing MAC's alarmed expression.*) Some private house—eh, Mac?

MAC. (L.) Yes, sir, it—er—it is.

GUS. Well, say, don't be alarmed—if you're full up, I can sleep right in here and keep the trunks on the front porch.

MAC. (*Greatly distressed*) That would be all right, sir, only you see—in the absence of Mr. Patterson—

GUS. Cheer up, Mac, I've struck camp on the

other side of the lake. Just dropped in to say "Hello"—I'm not going to stay.

MAC. Why, we'd be glad to have you, sir, it was only the four trunks made it look a little serious—you couldn't very well have them on a private porch, you see, sir.

GUS. It's too many even for a tent—I thought so myself—so I dropped all four of 'em in the lake—just kept my suitcase.

MAC. Well, really, sir—you can't mean that?

ALMA. Mr. Beals, you certainly can kid to beat the cars.

GUS. Speaking of kids—how's little Eva?

ALMA. Oh, she's just fine, Mr. Beals—she looks so well, doesn't she, Mac?

MAC. Oh, yes, she's beginning to show care now, sir.

GUS. She is, eh?

MAC. Private table, you know, sir—chops and steaks and the right cut—that's what does it.

ALMA. Wait till I change my slippers, Mr. Beals, and I'll go down to the lake with you and find her.

GUS. What's the matter with those?

ALMA. Why, the pine needles come right through and prick my feet.

GUS. Why, the saucy little things!

ALMA. I won't be a minute. (*Runs up the stairs.*)

GUS. (*Glancing at piano*) Well, Mac—I'm glad to see you've got a piano that didn't come from the Stumph Piano Works. (*Sits piano bench R.*)

MAC. Yes, sir. It's a private piano, you know, sir. (*Gently.*)

GUS. (*Quite serious*) I supposed so—how does this place compare with the other private houses where you've worked, Mac? As to privacy, you know?

MAC. (*Solemnly*) Why, sir—Mr. Beals—you talk

about privacy. I never was in anything like it—there's no end to it.

GUS. You don't say.

MAC. Why, we've our own private dock, boat-house, garage, refrigerating plant and vegetable garden——

GUS. Too soon, I suppose, to have anything in the garden.

MAC. Well, there's two men in it, sir.

GUS. Well, they're up early, aren't they?

MAC. I see that they are, sir. My father was a gardener and I know that to pulverize the soil at this season of the year makes a big difference in the garden.

GUS. (*Rising*) You haven't seen this new private pulverizer they've got, I suppose?

MAC. No, sir——

GUS. Runs by electricity—you have to have your own private electric plant, of course—it's pretty expensive. You just start the motor working and the pulverizer darts off into the vegetable garden. There it runs around in circles——

MAC. Circles?

GUS. Ever smaller—until the whole garden is pulverized—when it spins around by its own volition, and comes to a complete private stop.

MAC. I see.

*WARN telephone.*

GUS. It's a great invention.

MAC. Yes, sir—but these men ain't. They ain't good for anything else—so why not let them do it? Their hand can pulverize as good as a machine, and save all that expense.

GUS. That's right. It's even better if you can get them to chew the dirt up and spit it out. It don't sound very nice—but it lubricates the garden—and you get a bigger crop, I've heard.

MAC. Mr. Beals, I hope all this time you haven't been——

GUS. Not me, Mac—I'm serious when I get started on this country stuff. Because what would we do without vegetables, human and every other kind. (*ALMA returns.*)

MAC. Human, sir?

ALMA. (*In a sweater and cap*) I'm ready, Mr. Beals——

GUS. (*Looking at her admiringly*) My—I think the chops and steaks are telling on the Queen of the Nurses, too.

(*ALMA and GUS exit. MAC hums a little as he takes magazines from mail-bag, removes wrappers and arranges on the table. Phone rings.*)

#### TELEPHONE.

MAC. (*Going*) Yes—yes, Camp Wilderness. Oh, she's not here just now, can I take the message? A telegram—perhaps you'd better wait, yes. Is it from Mr. Patterson? It might be a private telegram. I understand—she will ring you as soon as she comes in. Yes, thank you.

(*Enter CAMILLA from veranda L.C.*)

CAMILLA. Mac, what do you think—I trotted all the way up the wood road from the lake——

MAC. (L.) Did you indeed, Miss?

CAMILLA. (L.C.) Mac—don't be so calm about it! Wait and see how Alma looks when I tell her—why I couldn't have trotted an eighth of the way when I came up here, Mac—I said *trotted*, did you hear me?

MAC. Yes, Miss, it's fine.

CAMILLA. Why, it's magnificent—it's unheard of! (*Calling with spirit. Crossing over R.*) Alma! Where's my egg?

MAC. Alma, she's not here, Miss—so many things have happened since you were out—Mr. Patterson sent you a telegram, Miss.

CAMILLA. Where is it? (*R. comes below sofa c.*)

MAC. Over the phone—you're to ring, Miss—I didn't take it, of course.

CAMILLA. (*Going to phone on table L.*) I want 344 A. Oh, busy! Will you call me, please?

MAC. And Mr. Beals came, Miss.

CAMILLA. No—not Mr. Beals, Mac?

MAC. Yes, Miss, the same—our Mr. Beals.

CAMILLA. But where is he?

MAC. They went down to the lake after you, Miss. Him and Miss Robins, but I suppose you coming the wood road they missed you.

(*MRS. BROOKE and PELL at door L.U. MRS. BROOKE is an attractive brunette, about twenty-eight years old; PELL, her escort, is about the same age.*)

MRS. BROOKE. (*To PELL*) Why, the house is densely occupied. (*To CAMILLA.*) Pardon me—but I'm so surprised to find anyone here.

CAMILLA. (*Down R. Embarrassed sweetly*) Really? Well, so am I . . .

MRS. BROOKE. (*As they enter. L.C.*) I'm really not a housebreaker—you see— (*Showing key-ring.*) I had the key, but the door was open.

CAMILLA. Can I—can I do anything for you?

MRS. BROOKE. Why, I don't know—

CAMILLA. Well—how can we find out?

MRS. BROOKE. I am Mrs. Brooke—and this is Mr. Pell—

CAMILLA. How do you do.

PELL. How do you do?

MRS. BROOKE. Now, tell me who you are?

CAMILLA. Well, I don't think you'd know me if I did—my name is Hathaway.

MRS. BROOKE. Well, no—that doesn't convey anything to me—except distant memories of Shakespeare. Your first name isn't Anne, by any chance?

CAMILLA. No, Camilla.

MRS. BROOKE. Camilla Hathaway? (*Glancing at PELL. Turns to him.*)

PELL. Oh, you're the little girl that was in the accident.

CAMILLA. Yes. I ran into Mr. Patterson's car.

MRS. BROOKE. But it said a *little* girl.

PELL. Well, that was poetic license.

MRS. BROOKE. How very interesting! Well, to be quite frank, I came up here to open the house and spend a few days—

MAC. (*Down L. near table. To himself*) A private house—hm.

MRS. BROOKE. Yes—I am a very old friend of Mr. Patterson's.

CAMILLA. (*Embarrassed*) Oh—well—I'm just a young friend.

MRS. BROOKE. And a very old friend of *Mrs.* Patterson's.

CAMILLA. I haven't met her at all.

MRS. BROOKE. In fact, it was on her account that I came up, really—she wanted me to get some things that she left up here some time ago.

CAMILLA. Oh, I see. Dear me—I hope it isn't the mirror and buttonhook I found on my dressing-table, because they've both seemed to kind of drop to pieces.

MRS. BROOKE. It was books and letters mostly.

And I've brought three servants with me—really, I don't know what to do about it.

CAMILLA. Really, *I* don't. I was just put here, you see, with my nurse and told to stay——

MRS. BROOKE. Oh, with your nurse. Mr. Patterson doesn't come up here at all?

CAMILLA. Well, he brought me up—and he—does come once in a while.

TELEPHONE.

MRS. BROOKE. Oh—— (*Phone rings.*)

MAC. It's the private wire, Miss—the telegram from Mr. Patterson, I guess. (*He stands on guard.*)

CAMILLA. (*Going to phone*) Yes—yes, this is Camp Wilderness—this is Miss Hathaway—all right, I'll wait.

MRS. BROOKE. (*To MAC*) Are you the er——

MAC. Mr. Patterson's private house man.

MRS. BROOKE. And er—what is your name?

MAC. Brownlow, ma'am.

MRS. BROOKE. Well, perhaps you'll look out for my servants, Brownlow——

MAC. Where are they, ma'am?

MRS. BROOKE. They'll be here presently—they're coming in a motor with my trunks.

MAC. What would you like done with 'em, ma'am?

MRS. BROOKE. Well, find room for them in the servant's quarters, if you can, Brownlow. Have you a good cook? Because if you haven't, Maggie is splendid—and you're welcome to use her.

MAC. So far there have been no complaints of the cook, ma'am. He's a Japanee—eighty dollars a month.

MRS. BROOKE. How unfortunate—my Maggie hates Japanese.

MAC. Yes, ma'am. Our Koko hates everybody.

MRS. BROOKE. Then there's Louis, my maid—and Mr. Pell's man. Be nice to them, Brownlow, will



you? Just till we know where we are. (*To PELL.*) Baxter—something for Brownlow.

PELL. Why, certainly. (*Taking bill from roll purse. MAC, affecting not to notice, moves away, exits L.E.*) I guess he doesn't see very well.

CAMILLA. (*Into phone*) Will you read it, please?

MRS. BROOKE. What a ridiculous situation, Baxter. (*Crosses and sits on piano bench.*)

PELL. Is it? (*Crosses and sits on arm of davenport.*)

MRS. BROOKE. (R.) Well—don't you think so?

PELL. (R.C.) I don't know—it seems awful to me.

MRS. BROOKE. Don't be absurd. June's got this girl up here—of course, he'll be furious with me for finding it out—but what can he do? He's been up here. They came up together—she said so.

PELL. And we're up here, together.

MRS. BROOKE. Yes—but that's different. I've done as I pleased for years—everybody knows it and people have stopped talking.

PELL. I didn't know people ever did.

MRS. BROOKE. Well, they do.

PELL. I wonder if they've stopped talking about me.

CAMILLA. Tell me the date again—then that's today. Thank you—good-bye. (*ALMA and GUS enter, they stand still until CAMILLA turns L. Going to him.*) Why, Mr. Beals—how do you do!

GUS. (C.) Fine, kid.

CAMILLA. (L.C.) Alma, you forgot my egg.

ALMA. I didn't.

CAMILLA. (*Turning to the others*) Er—Mrs. Brooke and Mr. Pell—Mr. Beals and Alma.

GUS. Pleased to meet you.

MRS. BROOKE. If you don't mind, I'll go and freshen up a little. I know my way about the house. I suppose you're not using Mrs. Patter-

son's room. I'll take that. (*To PELL.*) Don't you want to see the house, Baxter? It's charming upstairs—every room has a sleeping-porch.

ALMA. (*Pleasantly*) Oh—have you come to stay? (*Crossing and goes upstairs. R.C.*) I didn't understand. I'll show you which rooms are vacant—  
(*MRS. BROOKE, PELL and ALMA exit up stairway.*)

CAMILLA. Isn't Alma magnificent?

GUS. She is. (*MAC enters L.C.*)

MAC. Asking your pardon, Miss, for anything I may say—I nearly dropped when that lady came in, Miss. She's brought three servants and walks right into a private house without being invited.

GUS. What? You don't say. She's worse than I am.

MAC. Why, yes, sir—that's what she does, *with* the gentleman. And asks me if our cook is satisfactory!

GUS. And she's gone upstairs to freshen up a little. Say—what will she be when she comes down?

CAMILLA. He's coming, Mac. Mr. Patterson is coming.

MAC. Is he, Miss—when?

CAMILLA. To-day—do you suppose he'll mind their being here?

MAC. I'm sure he will, Miss—but how could we keep them out—you can't keep the doors of even a private house shut this time of year. Besides, she had the key—she says. If you'll excuse me, Miss—I'll go and report to quarters about those servants—they'll be here, I suppose, any minute now. And Koko in a terrible temper—after making a cake with your initials on it in frosted pecans, Miss.

CAMILLA. Oh, really, Mac? It just seems to be one of those days when everything happens! (*Exit MAC.*)

GUS. (*Sits on L. arm of davenport*) Well, kid—

not to be disturbed by all the scandal in high life. How are you?

CAMILLA. (*Over R.*) Oh, splendid, but what do you mean by the scandal in high life?

GUS. Well, those nice folks that dropped in, they don't seem to have the same name or anything; in my ignorant way, I scent a scandal——

CAMILLA. Oh, I thought perhaps you meant me!

GUS. You! Quit your kidding. Who could suspect you of anything like that?

CAMILLA. You mean you couldn't imagine anyone caring enough for me—to make a scandal?

GUS. Say, didn't I care enough for you myself to ask you to marry me? That would have been a scandal all right.

CAMILLA. I know, but that was because you were sorry for me.

GUS. Say, what's the matter with you, kid?

CAMILLA. I don't know.

GUS. Aren't you happy?

CAMILLA. I'm so happy and so unhappy—I don't know what to do. . . .

GUS. Don't he treat you right, kid?

CAMILLA. He's wonderful, perfectly wonderful. I don't know whether he treats me right or not——

GUS. Well, he hasn't taken advantage of your being kind of dependent on him, has he? (*Pauses.*) Of course, I know he's a great man, but even a great man can get fresh with a girl——

CAMILLA. He treats me—like a child.

GUS. Good. I'm glad of it.

CAMILLA. But I'm not a child, am I?

GUS. Well, you're awfully young, kid. A fellow feels—the down is on the peach with you.

CAMILLA. Is that any objection?

GUS. Objection? I should say not.

CAMILLA. Mr. Beals, is there any reason why anyone shouldn't love me?

GUS. Say, didn't I love you myself, and I only quit because I saw there was no chance for me without I turned into a kidnapper. What's the matter with you?

*(Enter ALMA. Crossing, goes between them.)*

ALMA. Well, I stuck them off as far as I could—in the ell—

GUS. Good. I'm glad they're in that profane part of the house.

ALMA. But, dearie—you *have* got her room. Mrs. J. P.'s, I mean.

CAMILLA. Have I, really?

ALMA. I did one pretty cute thing. I sneaked the mirror and buttonhook in on her dressing-table, so she'll think she broke them when she picks them up.

CAMILLA. But I told her I did.

ALMA. Of all the babies, why should you confess to her? *(Looking at CAMILLA keenly.)* Say, you must have your egg. Want to see where I get it for her, Mr. Beals, right off the nest?

GUS. *(Rises)* Say, I haven't seen a nest egg in years. *(Takes ALMA by the arm.)* Lead me to it. *(Up L.)*

ALMA. *(At door L.U. To CAMILLA.)* You stay right here now. You look pale all of a sudden.

*(They go out, leaving CAMILLA; she sits down to piano, begins to play "Somebody's Eyes." Enter PELL, descending the stairway, gloomily, leans against the piano up R.)*

PELL. Terrible isn't it?

CAMILLA. Is it. I don't know just what you mean.

PELL. Why, our coming in on you like this.

CAMILLA. (*Stops playing*) Oh.

PELL. Terrible for you and terrible for me.

CAMILLA. Well, at least it's a lovely day, and you can't be very sorry that you're here.

PELL. (*Looking at her more cheerfully*) Not just this minute, no.

CAMILLA. (*Rather wistfully*) Mrs. Brooke is very attractive, isn't she, and very interesting, I suppose.

PELL. Oh, she's wonderful. She makes you do anything she wants you to. You find yourself on a railroad train going north or a boat going south, or staying home with her husband because she doesn't want to. All kinds of things follow in the wake of being a friend of dear Celia.

CAMILLA. How happy she must be. It must be wonderful to be like that.

PELL. Oh, I don't know. She'd think it would be wonderful to be like you.

CAMILLA. Like me?

PELL. Yes, she's always talking about it—being awfully young and having all your mistakes before you—everything *going* to happen, instead of looking back.

CAMILLA. But some people don't have things happen to them, they just go on from day to day.

PELL. Well, you can't complain about things not happening to you.

CAMILLA. Oh, you mean my being run over. Yes, that was something, of course.

PELL. Something! Good heavens! I don't suppose you like to talk about it.

CAMILLA. No, it was too wonderful!

PELL. Wonderful! Really? Didn't it hurt terribly?

CAMILLA. I don't remember. Everything was golden. Then I found myself in the hospital. I was so happy.

PELL. Happy in a hospital! Were you, really?

CAMILLA. Yes, the happiest days of my life were there. I had such a beautiful room, and that almond tree was all in bloom. It was the first thing I saw when I woke up.

PELL. (*Looking at the almond tree on the piano*) It looks like a pretty sick tree.

CAMILLA. Yes. It needs to be set out. I'm going to plant it to-day. Of course, I don't like to, because then I can't take it away with me, but I must because it will do it good.

PELL. Yes. I wouldn't mind being set out myself to-day. I can almost imagine blooming, especially if you took a little interest in me. I wonder if you could?

CAMILLA. (*Innocently*) Why, of course I do. I think you're coming up here with Mrs. Brooke is so interesting.

PELL. Do you, really?

CAMILLA. Why, yes; don't you?

PELL. Well, to tell you the honest truth, the really wonderful thing about finding myself up here with Mrs. Brooke is meeting you.

CAMILLA. Oh, no; you can't mean that.

PELL. I do. Only I mustn't let that be too wonderful.

CAMILLA. Mustn't you?

PELL. (*With meaning*) Because June has a prior claim, hasn't he?

CAMILLA. (*With dignity*) Of course.

PELL. Forgive my challenging you like that—but you know you seem so young and—I thought it

might be true that you were just up here with your nurse—to get well.

CAMILLA. Mr. Pell. (*Rising.*) I am a woman of the world. (*Crosses to bench center.*)

PELL. Well—you don't mind my thinking you weren't, do you?

CAMILLA. I don't like to be misunderstood. (*Sits on bench c. in front of the davenport.*)

PELL. (*Intensely amused and interested*) I wish you'd tell me about yourself—and how you came to be a woman of the world. (*Sits on arm of davenport, R.C.*)

CAMILLA. There's very little to tell. I wasn't born in this country, you know—I was born in Paris.

PELL. Really? So was I—very nearly.

CAMILLA. Oh, how nice. Well, I lived there until I was thirteen—then I lost my father and mother—and I came to this country to live with my uncle in Wisconsin. There I learned to play the piano, very beautifully, I thought—then I came to New York and found I didn't, and that's all there is to tell.

PELL. I wasn't born in Paris, but I lived there until I was ten years old. It's a wonderful place to be a child in, isn't it? Did you learn French prayers and everything?

CAMILLA. Yes—oh, yes——

PELL. Do you know "*Le petit Jesu allait a l'ecole*"?

CAMILLA. (*Sings*) "*Emportant sa croix sur son epaule——*"

PELL. (*Delighted. Sings*) "*Une pomme douce pour mettait dans sa bouche.*"

CAMILLA. (*Sings*) "*Une bouquet des fleurs, pour mettait dans son coeur!*" Think of your knowing that! (*CAMILLA places her hand on top of PELL's.*)

*He does the same. CAMILLA draws her's away.)*

PELL. And think of your knowing that! Do you know, I remember meeting you when you were five and I was ten—didn't your nurse take you to play in those little French parks? Of course.

CAMILLA. My mother did—I hadn't any nurse that I remember. We were poor, you know.

PELL. Oh.

CAMILLA. Yes—my father was a portrait painter—he married my French mother and his family didn't like it at all.

PELL. I see. I'm sure she was a dear.

CAMILLA. Yes—so was he. But he didn't paint very well—this is a picture of my mother—*(Showing locket shyly.)* You see how young she was—and why we were so poor. My darling father just couldn't do it. I think he must have learned to paint in Wisconsin.

PELL. *(Smiling as he looks at locket)* By Jove, you do get an idea of her just the same—she was sweet—and you're just like her! *(Pause.)*

*(Enter PATTERSON. PELL sees him—is a bit embarrassed and rises, saying "JUNE"!)*

CAMILLA. *(Springing up)* Oh, you've come!

PELL. (R.C.) June, I don't know how to apologize for being here—you're not half as sorry to see me as I am to see myself—

JUNIUS. (L.C.) Why, I am a little surprised—but don't let's talk about being sorry until we know how much we have to be sorry for—how are you? *(Crossing to CAMILLA.)*

CAMILLA. So happy—now that you've come. *(Centre, her back to audience.)*

JUNIUS. *(To PELL)* Are you up here? I mean are you staying up here in the woods?



PELL. Why, I seem to be up here, yes.

JUNIUS. Camping or stopping at the hotel?

PELL. Why, neither one, I'm sort of—passing through!

JUNIUS. Oh——

PELL. I expect to sleep under a tree to-night.

JUNIUS. Why? Some fad?

PELL. No, I rather expect to be put out of the house where I am staying.

(MAC enters from veranda, L.U., with bag and suitcase and crosses to R.U.)

JUNIUS. We can put you up for the night, I should think—— (To MAC.) Mac, have the room off mine fixed for Mr. Pell——

MAC. I believe he and the lady have had rooms assigned them, sir, in the ell—— (MAC goes on up the stairway, R.)

JUNIUS. (Surprised) Oh—the lady?

PELL. It's the very devil, June——

JUNIUS. (Startled) Who is it?

PELL. Celia Brooke—she—well, I'll tell you about it later.

JUNIUS. Oh—and is she—upstairs?

PELL. Why, yes—she was.

JUNIUS. I'd like to see her—would she come down, do you think?

PELL. I'm sure she would—she's nothing if not courageous—you know Celia.

JUNIUS. Ask her, will you?

PELL. Of course—— (PELL exits up the stairs R.)  
(CAMILLA sits bench centre.)

JUNIUS. (To CAMILLA) You've met before—you and Mr. Pell?

CAMILLA. We? No, just this morning—what made you think we'd met before?

JUNIUS. Well—— (*Sits L.C. on bench c.*) He was holding your hand—and I inferred from that that you had met before—no reason at all, I suppose——

CAMILLA. (*R.C. on bench*) Oh—that was because we both lived in Paris when we were children—and said French prayers!

JUNIUS. Oh—that was it—— Well—we seem to have all lived in Paris when we were children——

CAMILLA. Yes—and don't you remember when you told me you had, how we—how I—put my hand in yours? (*CAMILLA places her hand in his.*)

JUNIUS. Of course—but that was different.

CAMILLA. Yes—so different.

JUNIUS. (*Pauses*) Is everything all right? Are you happy?

CAMILLA. Perfectly happy—now that you've come.

JUNIUS. That's good—that's splendid. (*Pauses.*) How's Alma?

CAMILLA. Alma's well—she's er—she's out getting me an egg. She's been an awfully long time doing it—— Oh—I forgot to tell you—who do you think came this morning——

JUNIUS. Someone else?

CAMILLA. Such a nice man—a Mr. Beals—I think I told you about him.

JUNIUS. Mr. Beals?—I don't know.

CAMILLA. Oh, he is such a dear—really, he is—you may have seen him at the hospital—he's a song writer.

JUNIUS. A song-writer, at the hospital? What could he have written?

CAMILLA. He came every day to see me——

JUNIUS. Oh——

CAMILLA. And er—I think he and Alma are quite interested in each other.

JUNIUS. Really?

CAMILLA. Yes. He's er—well, you might think he was a little—I don't like to say it, because he really isn't—at heart—but he seems a little tough.

JUNIUS. (*Amused*) Oh, well, as long as he isn't tough at heart what do we care? Is he staying here, too?

CAMILLA. Oh, no—he only came this morning—he's camping with some boys up the lake.

JUNIUS. Have him here if you like, you know—

CAMILLA. Oh, no—it would be dreadful to have him here all the time—I mean, it's nice to have him come. And if he were here, he wouldn't come, you see.

JUNIUS. Oh—— You feel the same way about me, I suppose—— (*CAMILLA looks down.*) Do you know why I came back?

CAMILLA. I thought perhaps you'd forgotten something.

JUNIUS. It was because I couldn't forget something—your face, when I left you—it didn't look happy—and I couldn't go on. Because if you're not happy, nothing is right——

CAMILLA. Oh, but I am—I'm just as happy as I can be, under the circumstances——

JUNIUS. Under the circumstances—well, if the circumstances aren't all right we'll have them changed—I want you to be happy.

CAMILLA. Well, I will—I'll try harder.

JUNIUS. Try? You shouldn't have to try—— How do you feel, pretty well?

CAMILLA. Oh, I never felt so perfectly well—only——

JUNIUS. There's an "only."

CAMILLA. My heart——

JUNIUS. Your heart?

CAMILLA. Yes—it aches—sometimes——

JUNIUS. Does it? Really aches, do you mean, or do you imagine it?

CAMILLA. Both.

JUNIUS. Well—we must have a doctor examine it.

CAMILLA. I don't think my heart would like that.

JUNIUS. Oh, yes—hearts can be fixed up splendidly nowadays.

CAMILLA. Can they?

JUNIUS. Yes—don't worry about that. What troubled me was your face when I left you. It looked so woe-begone—like a child that is disappointed. I couldn't put it out of my mind. Not that I wanted to—for I knew that if you were unhappy, something must be done about it. Had anything happened? What was the trouble?

CAMILLA. I couldn't tell you.

JUNIUS. Couldn't tell me? Then there was something—and you must tell me.

CAMILLA. No—please.

JUNIUS. Yes—please.

CAMILLA. I can't. Well—you see, I thought you were going to kiss me good-bye—and then you didn't.

JUNIUS. Why, you dear child!

CAMILLA. You must have done it a great many time—just—taken somebody in your arms and kissed them. (*She sits down on settee, takes out little handkerchief.*)

JUNIUS. (*Sitting beside her*) Why, my dear, I'm so sorry—don't cry—you see—

CAMILLA. You never thought of it.

JUNIUS. (*Troubled*) It wasn't that. You know—I just wanted to have you up here and make you happy—and well. I feel that you are a lovely child—who needs someone to take care of her. I thought perhaps I might be the one to do that—if the child

was willing. But though I think of you in this way—you are really not a child.

CAMILLA. (*Agreeing instantly*) No, I'm not—I'm not!

JUNIUS. And if I had felt like—taking you in my arms and kissing you—I would have restrained myself.

CAMILLA. Even if I had wanted you to?

JUNIUS. (*Smiling*) Even if you had wanted me to—it's not such a simple thing as you think—All sorts of complications might follow.

CAMILLA. Might they? (*She looks at him and he looks at her for a moment. Then almost unconsciously she kisses him.*)

(*Enter MRS. BROOKE and PELL on this scene from stairway. JUNIUS remains calm. MRS. BROOKE makes movement to retreat.*)

JUNIUS. (*Rising*) Don't go, Celia—I want to speak to you.

MRS. BROOKE. I'm sorry, June—I wouldn't have intruded for the world. (*PELL goes to CAMILLA. She and he take each other's hands for a moment. A look from PATTERSON sends her fluttering up the stairs. After CAMILLA exits.*) I suppose you received my letter.

JUNIUS. No—I didn't.

MRS. BROOKE. Well—I didn't write it. (*Sits R. on arm of davenport.*) But I thought of it, June—really, I did. I was going to write and ask if it would be all right for me to come up.

JUNIUS. Under the circumstances you couldn't very well expect an answer—could you?

MRS. BROOKE. As a matter of fact—there were some things in the house that Roma wanted—she asked me if I would come up and get them for her.

JUNIUS. I see. Have you found them?

MRS. BROOKE. And then, too, June, you haven't forgotten the night in this very room that you said—this was to be "open house" for all of us?

JUNIUS. I expect we've all forgotten some of the things we said that night——

MRS. BROOKE. I haven't—if that's what you mean. I remember what I said—every word of it. (*Looking him in the eyes.*)

PELL. (*Down R.*) If you'll excuse me, I'll go—I imagine you can talk more freely if I'm not here. (*Crosses to veranda, L.U.*)

JUNIUS. I don't see how that would be possible—however——

MRS. BROOKE. (*Anxiously to PELL*) You don't mean that you're going altogether?

PELL. Just down to the lake.

MRS. BROOKE. You're not going to do anything foolish, are you, Baxter?

PELL. I thought I'd fish a little—I guess it's foolish. (*Exits L.U.*)

MRS. BROOKE. I suppose you wouldn't believe me, June, if I told you that what I said that night is just as true now as it was then.

JUNIUS. Why, certainly I would. (*Sits bench c.*)

MRS. BROOKE. That I've always known you were the only man in the world for me. If you hadn't married my best friend, I'd have been a happy woman to-day.

JUNIUS. Aren't you a happy woman to-day?

MRS. BROOKE. Of course I'm not. Why, there's nothing between me and Baxter Pell, June. You know what my life is. You know what Brooke is. He doesn't care anything about women—he should never have married one. I just have to flick myself into going on. So I just flicked myself up here for a sort of a lark and to annoy somebody.

(JUNIUS glances at her, a little amused and friendly, but she does not notice this.) Of course, I have rather thrown conventions aside for the past few years—as I see you have. (*His face becomes stern.*)

JUNIUS. I haven't thrown conventions aside that I know of.

MRS. BROOKE. (*With a little mock melodrama*) Oh—are you going to marry the girl?

JUNIUS. Certainly not. She is up here with her nurse, to get a little health and fresh air——

MRS. BROOKE. Oh, I see. I forgot to bring my nurse—my mistake! June—have you heard from Roma lately?

JUNIUS. I hear from her—not personally, of course—but with perfect regularity.

MRS. BROOKE. I don't think she is at all happy—how could she be, with him, after having had you?

JUNIUS. I'm afraid I can't throw any light on that subject.

MRS. BROOKE. Dear me—what a muddle life is. And all because people will persist in marrying each other. If it weren't for that, what a wonderful world it would be.

JUNIUS. Wouldn't it? Full of cast off men and women.

MRS. BROOKE. Well—it's that anyway, isn't it?

JUNIUS. I suppose so.

MRS. BROOKE. June—would you take Roma back? Do you care for her any more at all?

JUNIUS. No.

MRS. BROOKE. Why don't you let her have a divorce, then, June?

JUNIUS. Does she want one?

MRS. BROOKE. Well—if you have no idea of taking her back—I think there is—another man.

JUNIUS. You mean Fownes?

MRS. BROOKE. No, she got all over her infatuation

for him, June, a year ago—when he began to sing off key.

JUNIUS. Oh, then there's still another—a singer, too?

MRS. BROOKE. Yes—Luigi Ferreles—a tenor.

JUNIUS. Oh—going a little higher this time. Fownes was a baritone, wasn't he?

MRS. BROOKE. Ferreles is not a professional—he's from South America, very near her home. He's rich and quite good-looking. His voice is small but sweet, Roma says.

JUNIUS. And he doesn't sing off key.

MRS. BROOKE. Not yet—

JUNIUS. He probably will in time. A divorce would be only a temporary relief for Roma—and you know how I feel about those things.

MRS. BROOKE. You are hopelessly old-fashioned, June.

JUNIUS. Yes, I'm afraid so. To tell the truth, Celia—I don't see why I should submit to the annoyance—the newspapers and the notoriety—and for what? If Roma's loves were great enough—but they're not. They're simply frequent. And she likes it in California.

MRS. BROOKE. Yes—of course, you're right—but you're not beyond reproach yourself now, my dear!

JUNIUS. Celia—it seems to me that a man of my reputation ought to be able to do what he likes, without people talking. If he can't, what's the good of having a reputation at all?

MRS. BROOKE. Don't ask me, my dear. I don't see any good in having one. In fact, I don't know anyone that has except you—and now yours seems to be on the verge of disappearing. (*He gives her a look of annoyance.*) It isn't what we do, you know—but what we appear to do. If it were what we do,



I'd be quite embarrassed by my unblemished appearance—I would, really. I've got so used to being thought a perfect devil.

JUNIUS. It's only on her account that I mind, you know.

MRS. BROOKE. Well—of course I shan't speak of your having her up here—and I'll caution Baxter.

JUNIUS. (*Dryly*) Thanks.

MRS. BROOKE. I'm sorry I came, June—but you don't mind my staying to-night, do you? It's such a hard place to get away from?

JUNIUS. Why certainly, stay of course. I'm leaving myself to-night.

MRS. BROOKE. You are?

JUNIUS. Yes—late to-night.

MRS. BROOKE. (*Looking at him admiringly*) I'm sorry—— (*Pause.*) How I wish you'd run over me when I was a girl.

JUNIUS. I didn't have a car then—besides——

MRS. BROOKE. You don't like brunettes as well. No—you didn't care so terribly much for Roma, June. It was the way she sang Gounod's "Ave Maria." My God, how she sang it! Shall you ever forget it, June?

JUNIUS. No—why forget anything wonderful? (*Starting for stairway.*) Will you excuse me?

MRS. BROOKE. Yes—for all but one thing, June. If you only cared for me—it would simplify everything so.

JUNIUS. Simplify everything?

MRS. BROOKE. I'll never leave Brooke, I know, unless something tremendous comes into my life—but it doesn't—it just goes right on up the stairs! (*JUNIUS is up one step on the stairs.*)

JUNIUS. I think Brooke is just the man for you. Don't regret me, my dear—I'd never, never stand for the things you do and say. Even to-night

you're in danger. My hands are so strong and the lake is so near! *(He starts up the stairway, meets CAMILLA on the landing.)*

CAMILLA. *(Softly to him)* Have you forgiven me?

JUNIUS. Forgiven you? For what?

CAMILLA. You looked in my eyes—and I couldn't help it.

JUNIUS. Why, my child, I'd forgotten it.

*(He goes on up the stairway. CAMILLA, crushed, comes down. MRS. BROOKE, a little tearful, turns to her.)*

MRS. BROOKE. It's just enough to make one sob—to hear him go on about how Roma—his wife—used to sing Gounod's "Ave Maria." . . .

CAMILLA. *(Nerving herself up)* Is it? Tell me about it—

MRS. BROOKE. Sometime I will—

*(Exit MRS. BROOKE upstairs as GUS BEALS enters L.C.)*

GUS. *(L.C., a little nervous)* I'm on my way, kid. Say a good word to the Queen of the Nurses for me, will you?

CAMILLA. Why? Is it necessary?

GUS. I'm afraid so—

CAMILLA. *(R.)* Have you quarreled?

GUS. Yes, kid—I asked her to marry me—right before the old Plymouth Rock hen and she was quite insulted. But I'll be around again to-morrow and see how she feels about it. She's a wonderful girl.

CAMILLA. Yes, she is. Everyone's wonderful but me.

GUS. Everyone but you? *(Crosses to CAMILLA.)*

Say, what's the matter—aren't you the heroine of the piece—and didn't I hear the King of the Movies had arrived—and everything? I expected to find you walking on air—however that's done.

CAMILLA. Why should I? I'm nothing to him but just a poor orphan—that can't sing or do anything—

GUS. (*Mystified*) What do you want to sing for?

CAMILLA. He's terribly unhappy now—because of the way his wife used to sing Gounod's "Ave Maria."

GUS. Well, you can't blame him, can you—I'm unhappy every time I hear anyone sing it—unless it's a Victrola, where you can turn it off just before it gets to the last "Maria." . . .

CAMILLA. His wife sang it beautifully—

GUS. How do you know she did?

CAMILLA. Well—I do . . .

GUS. Listen here, kid—Is he in the house? Let's give him a little tune—I know what a man likes—come on— (*Going to piano. Sings.*) "When you are thinking of somebody's eyes. Somebody's eyes—tender and wise—" Come on—

CAMILLA. Oh, no, I couldn't—don't, please don't! (*Crosses to davenport, sits with back to audience.*)

GUS. "It doesn't matter what other eyes say. You turn away and sigh—just for somebody's— (*MAC coming hastily down stairway.*)

MAC. Excuse me, sir—but Mr. Patterson—he requests that whoever is singing will stop and sing something else—

CAMILLA. (*Unstrung*) He hates the song—because I sing it sometimes.

MAC. He didn't know it was you, sir.

GUS. That's all right, Mac—I only sing to cheer

others up—and it always cheers them up when I stop.

MAC. Yes, sir—I'm sure you don't sing to annoy anybody, sir. I thought it was you—but he was in that kind of a mood that I thought it was best to let it go that it was Mr. Pell. Yes, sir, it's all right. (*Exit MAC.*)

GUS. I can see that Pell is in wrong—— (*Going to CAMILLA.*) Say, kid—a word of advice and I'm gone. I know what's happened to you.

CAMILLA. Do you?

GUS. Sure I do—I saw his picture in the paper and I knew then what was going to happen—a big, handsome guy like that—why, wouldn't you fall for him. But listen, kid, don't forget the smile—get me? (*She smiles faintly.*) That's right. No one knows how things are going to come out——

CAMILLA. I do—they've come out.

GUS. What do you mean?

CAMILLA. There's no hope at all—he practically told me—there wasn't.

GUS. (*Looking at her surprised*) Gee—how did he have the heart to do it? (*Sits on arm R. of dav-enport, puts his arm around her.*) Now say, kid, I guess to-day isn't our lucky day. I know my star is on the blink—the best way to do is to be very quiet until things break right. I'm going to go and put my head under a blanket until to-morrow—or anyway until Venus rises this eve—and I'd advise you to do the same.

(*Enter JUNIUS from stairway.*)

CAMILLA. (*Realizing his presence, weakly extricates herself from GUS's sympathetic arm*) This is—my friend Mr. Beals——

JUNIUS. How do you do?

GUS. Glad to meet you—— (*Goes to MR. PATTERSON.*) I'm a very good, old friend of Miss Hathaway's.

JUNIUS. So I see. Don't disturb yourself on my account.

GUS. (*With dignity*) You've got me wrong, Mr. Patterson—I never put my arm around her before—and I only did it now because I thought somebody ought to—— (*A pause.*) And I'm very sorry I annoyed you with that bum song.

JUNIUS. I'm very fond of the song—I didn't like to hear it murdered.

GUS. Oh, you like the song—— Well, I'm very glad—I wrote it——

(*Enter ALMA, L.U., with silver cup.*)

ALMA. (*To Gus*) I thought you were gone——

GUS. I am. (*He goes L.U.*)

ALMA. Mr. Patterson—I'm certainly glad to see you——

JUNIUS. Yes—yes, Alma. I'm glad to see you.

ALMA. (*To CAMILLA*) Here, sweetheart—I'm sorry I was so long getting it.

CAMILLA. Thank you, Alma—— (*She turns away with the cup. Rises, goes over L.*)

ALMA. (*To JUNIUS*) It's raw—she can't swallow it with anybody looking—I suppose you've heard all the company we've got.

JUNIUS. Yes, Alma—but I don't think they'll stay very long—— Not after to-morrow.

ALMA. Really? She's very nice—I guess he is too. But quiet is the best for *her*—of course. (*Glancing at CAMILLA.*)

JUNIUS. Yes—of course—— (*Crosses over to CAMILLA.*)

CAMILLA. (*Turning and setting cup down*) The vinegar makes me cry, Alma——

(JUNIUS goes out L.U. leaving ALMA and CAMILLA.)  
(ALMA goes to get cup on table L.)

ALMA. Why, you never took it——

CAMILLA. I couldn't—what does it matter, Alma? I'm well enough, too well.

ALMA. What's the matter. I've had my hands full with Mr. Beals—now I hope you don't go acting up!

CAMILLA. I'm sorry you weren't kind to him, Alma. Even if you don't care about anybody—you should be kind.

ALMA. I was plenty kind enough—don't worry about us. It's you I'm thinking of. Aren't you happy? With Mr. Patterson here, and Mrs. Brooke going to-morrow?

CAMILLA. I don't think he likes me, Alma——

ALMA. Likes you? Why, he just loves you!

CAMILLA. Yes—but not in the right way. (*Crossing to c.*) I evidently am not the sort of girl who can do it. (*Sits c.*) They were all very wonderful.

ALMA. (*Mystified*) Who?

CAMILLA. Madame da Vallière—Du Barry and—and—Camille.

ALMA. Well, from what I've heard of Camille, I don't believe Mr. Patterson would have her in the house.

CAMILLA. Of course he wouldn't—he'd be afraid of her—but he's not afraid of me! (*About to weep.*)

CURTAIN

## ACT II

### SCENE 2

TIME: *The same evening. Moonlight.*

AT RISE: GUS BEALS *discovered. He is standing in the doorway, leaning against it, apparently waiting.*

(MAC enters R.I.)

GUS. Anybody home, Mac?

MAC. (R. *Starting*) Oh, Mr. Beals—is that you, sir? I didn't see you at all. I didn't know anyone was here——

GUS. (*Crosses and sits on R. arm davenport*) That's all right, Mac—I'm hardly visible—almost in a state of total eclipse—but chasing around in the old orbit just the same.

MAC. Who did you want to see, sir?

GUS. Well—anyone, Mac, except either of the gentlemen—or the new lady. Are either of the old ladies at home?

MAC. Mr. Beals, how you do go on, sir. I think they're both—somewhere——

GUS. (*Sitting R.C.*) I should hope so.

MAC. If you'll pardon me mentioning it, sir, I was very pleased to see you holding Miss Robins' hand as I passed the chicken yard this afternoon. You didn't see me, but I saw you—and I was very pleased.

GUS. Were you really, Mac? Now, isn't that

nice? I wish Miss Robins had been—even a little pleased.

MAC. And wasn't she, sir?

GUS. She didn't appear to be.

MAC. Maybe she was and didn't let you know it, sir. My brother's wife, Allie Hannigan, is like that with me.

GUS. Is she really?

MAC. Oh, yes—we have to make allowances for them, Mr. Beals—she's helpless, a female is, and yet she has her pride.

GUS. I don't see anything helpless about Miss Robins.

MAC. Well, she is, sir, though she may not show it. To see Allie come in after being out at day's work and get the dinner and clear up the house,—for the children go to school now and won't help her any,—a fine dinner it is she gets and then mends their clothes and darns the stockings—of the man that's living with them too—and mine when I was there, and yet with all she does, you know, sir, she's only a female—and helpless, and she knows it.

GUS. I should think anyone would feel helpless after they did all that—but I bet she doesn't feel any more helpless than I do, Mac.

MAC. Oh yes, sir—we never get to feel the way they do, Mr. Beals. Whatever they may do, they're the weaker sex—that stands out on them. Oh yes, they can't get away from that.

GUS. Well, I'm sorry for them, if they ever feel any weaker than I do.

MAC. Yes, sir—and so we should feel—sorry for them—and do everything we can. I send Allie ten dollars every month—though she's only my brother's wife—I mean to look out for her.

GUS. (*With meaning*) Yes—I think that's a good idea—you want to look out for them.



MAC. Yes, sir.

(Enter ALMA down the stairs. MAC discreetly exits R.I.)

GUS. (*Rising, goes up to ALMA*) Well, it was such a lovely night that I thought, instead of jumping into the lake I'd row across and see how the Queen of the Nurses was feeling—and let her have a last look at the shrunken form of poor old G. Beals.

ALMA. (*In R., near the stairway*) Don't be silly, Mr. Beals—anyone would think we had quarreled, the way you talk.

GUS. Didn't we quarrel, Alma?

ALMA. I certainly didn't—I merely expressed my opinion.

GUS. I'd hate to have you quarrel with me.

ALMA. I thought you were serious—and so I tried to be—and told you how I felt about marriage.

GUS. Don't you think you were a little hard on me? After all, I do make a living—I'm not sitting around in the Park yet, reading somebody else's newspaper.

ALMA. (*Wistfully*) I know, Mr. Beals—but I wouldn't feel right about it unless you had a regular position—I wouldn't—that's all there is to it.

GUS. But a song-writer makes a lot of money sometimes, Alma. I made \$40,000 out of "Prairie Belle."

ALMA. Where is it?

GUS. Well, I don't know—that's what I heard I made.

ALMA. I know—it would be all right to write songs evenings, but in the daytime you should be in some regular business—where you'd be with men who—who weren't song-writers.

GUS. Well, maybe I could get a job to sweep out Mr. Patterson's office.

ALMA. He's just the one would give you something, if you wanted it. He would, I know it.

GUS. You do like the old scout just a little, Alma?

ALMA. There never was anyone could make me laugh the way you can.

GUS. All right, Alma—I'll bet you'll laugh your head off when you hear the position Mr. Patterson is going to offer me. If it's cleaning out cuspidors, shall I take it? I will, you know—anything for romance.

ALMA. Don't, Mr. Beals—

GUS. Why don't you call me Gus, and be done with it?

ALMA. I can't.

GUS. You're not going to call me Mr. Beals after we're married, are you?

ALMA. I don't know what I'm going to call you.

GUS. Maybe if I go out doing day's work, Alma, I'll get sick and be laid up in the dear old hospital where first we met—wouldn't that be lovely? If I could just manage to get bedridden, we could have a nice, happy home life in the convalescent ward, or some place—couldn't we?

ALMA. Well, if you do get sick, indeed I will take care of you, Mr. Beals. I do think a lot of you.

GUS. Do you really?

ALMA. Yes—I think more of you and Mr. Patterson than I ever expected to of anyone—and I think you're something alike.

GUS. (*Looking at her in surprise*) You know what to do for people that faint, don't you? Place the feet a little higher than the head and tickle the nose lightly with a goose quill—

ALMA. Don't, Mr. Beals—I'm really serious.

GUS. So am I—— (*Kisses her. ALMA nearly weeps.*) Why, Alma—is it possible that you're only a poor, weak woman?

ALMA. What else should I be, Mr. Beals?

(*Enter MRS. BROOKE down the stairs.*)

MRS. BROOKE. Alma—you took my headache all away—with your wonderful hands.

ALMA. (*Recovering herself*) Really? Well, I am glad, Mrs. Brooke——

MRS. BROOKS. She has wonderful hands, Mr. Beals.

GUS. Hasn't she?

MRS. BROOKE. And you put me to sleep, Alma—before I had a chance to give you this—— (*Putting a bill in ALMA'S hands.*)

ALMA. Why, I didn't expect that at all, Mrs. Brooke—I was glad to do it.

MRS. BROOKE. (*Sits on davenport, facing fireplace up center—picks up book.*) I know—you don't expect anything because you're such a dear, kind girl. Your hands are worth a thousand dollars a day—if any one had it—so soft and so strong—— You're wonderful, Alma.

GUS. That's what I was telling her.

MRS. BROOKE. My head was thumping and pounding—why, I was almost mad with it—then Alma came—a few passes, and it was gone.

GUS. (*Crossing L.*) I wish I could have that experience—but I don't know what to hit myself in the head with—to start the thing.

MRS. BROOKE. If a nurse is too sympathetic she's sickening—but you—well, you're just right.

ALMA. Well, thank you, Mrs. Brooke, I'm sure.

GUS. (*Aside to her*) I knew all this before—that your hands were wonderful and that you were

just right, Alma—— (*Drawing her aside.*) Say—let's go out in the moonlight and act like a couple of darned fools—will you?

(*They exit through veranda door L.U. Enter CAMILLA down the stairway. She carries a little book in her hand.*)

CAMILLA. (*Crossing L.*) Mrs. Brooke—you're going to-morrow?

MRS. BROOKE. Yes.

CAMILLA. I'm sorry—I hope you're not going on my account. I feel so badly because I didn't seem more pleased to see you.

MRS. BROOKE. (*Calmly*) Don't speak of it, my child. You weren't pleased to see me—but I wasn't really pleased to see you.

CAMILLA. Of course not.

MRS. BROOKE. (*Glancing at her sharply*) And naturally with your ideas about things—I presume you have ideas—you must have been terribly shocked to think of my coming up here with Mr. Pell.

CAMILLA. (*Naively*) Why? I am up here.

MRS. BROOKE. (*Mischievously*) I know. But not with Mr. Pell—Mr. Patterson is very different, isn't he?

CAMILLA. Very. But you are a very old friend of—Mr. Patterson's—and you had the keys—and—

MRS. BROOKE. (*Finishing*) His wife asked me to come.

CAMILLA. (*Taking picture out of book*) Yes—Mrs. Brooke—is that her picture?

MRS. BROOKE. Why, yes—that's Roma's picture—where did you find it?

CAMILLA. In this book. Mrs. Brooke, is she very beautiful?

MRS. BROOKE. (*Looking at picture*) Very.

CAMILLA. Of course, I was sure she was—  
(*After a moment's hesitation.*) Her—er—her nose  
looks a little long in the picture—but I suppose it  
isn't.

MRS. BROOKE. Oh, no—Roma's nose is perfect.

CAMILLA. (*Nodding sadly*) Perfect.

MRS. BROOKE. And in addition to her beauty she  
has the most divine voice.

CAMILLA. (*Sadly*) Divine. Oh, yes—

MRS. BROOKE. She sang under the name of  
Emma D'Estes. You've probably heard of her.

CAMILLA. No.

MRS. BROOKE. (*Caustically*) Well—everybody  
else has.

CAMILLA. Was it long ago?

MRS. BROOKE. Not very. Well, it was about  
eight years ago.

CAMILLA. Oh—then I wouldn't have heard of  
her.

MRS. BROOKE. You mean you weren't born then?

CAMILLA. I didn't come to this country, until six  
years ago.

MRS. BROOKE. Oh—where did you spend your  
young years?

CAMILLA. In Paris. I lived there until I was  
eighteen.

MRS. BROOKE. Oh, I see—well—when Roma  
comes back you must hear her sing.

CAMILLA. Has she gone away, somewhere?

MRS. BROOKE. She's in California. Didn't you  
know it?

CAMILLA. No. I don't know anything about it  
at all.

MRS. BROOKE. Well, my child—although you are  
so young, I'm sure you are as suspicious and intu-  
itive as I was at your age. You have suspected

that Mr. Patterson was not living with his wife, haven't you? Be honest.

CAMILLA. I wouldn't have thought of—suspecting anything. He's been too wonderful to me.

MRS. BROOKE. That's all very sweet and lovely—but you did know something was up.

CAMILLA. (*Hesitating*) Well—Alma told me, she heard at the hospital that he—that they were sort of separated. In the very beginning I didn't even know that he had a wife—

MRS. BROOKE. Well—I'm surprised at June, really.

CAMILLA. I thought he was a doctor in the hospital. He let me think that just for a few moments—so I would tell him things quite frankly.

MRS. BROOKE. My child—how interesting.

CAMILLA. It was the first time I saw him. Before he went, he told me. But I never could forget that first feeling. You see—the doctor that he should have been, wasn't married.

MRS. BROOKE. My dear! Why, it's too absurd, isn't it?

CAMILLA. Oh—much. What I started to tell you was that I'm going away, too.

MRS. BROOKE. Are you really? Eventually, I suppose you mean.

CAMILLA. No—at once.

MRS. BROOKE. Oh—you mean with him, tonight?

CAMILLA. (*Heartbroken*) Is he going, to-night?

MRS. BROOKE. Why, yes—that's what I understood.

CAMILLA. Oh, I didn't know that.

(*Enter PELL, a little gloomy, from stairs.*)

MRS. BROOKE. Well—perhaps you can go with us, to-morrow. I'm sure Mr. Pell would like that—wouldn't you, Baxter?

PELL. What's that?

MRS. BROOKE. To have Camilla go down to New York with us, to-morrow——

CAMILLA. Thank you, but I'm not going to New York.

PELL. (*Delighted*) Anywhere you say—how's Canada? Do you like salmon fishing? Are we really going off the three of us on a lark?

CAMILLA. Excuse me, won't you? (*Exit L.U.*)

MRS. BROOKE. (*Sitting on davenport*) Poor child—what a hopeless thing. I know, because I've been in love with the man myself.

PELL. (R.) When an irresistible girl meets an immovable man—what happens?

MRS. BROOKE. Do you really think she's irresistible?

PELL. Well, she has a terrible effect on me.

MRS. BROOKE. Really?

PELL. I wish I had led a better life and long to be the father of a family of noble children.

MRS. BROOKE. But why should June feel the way you do?

PELL. Why shouldn't he?

MRS. BROOKE. It would be impossible anyway—there's Roma.

PELL. Where?

MRS. BROOKE. In Southern California——

PELL. Much too far—besides—why should he consider her?

MRS. BROOKE. Well, you know June has old-fashioned ideas about divorce; he doesn't believe in it.

PELL. He will when the time comes. You know the fatal thing—the thing that does it?

MRS. BROOKE. What do you mean, Baxter?

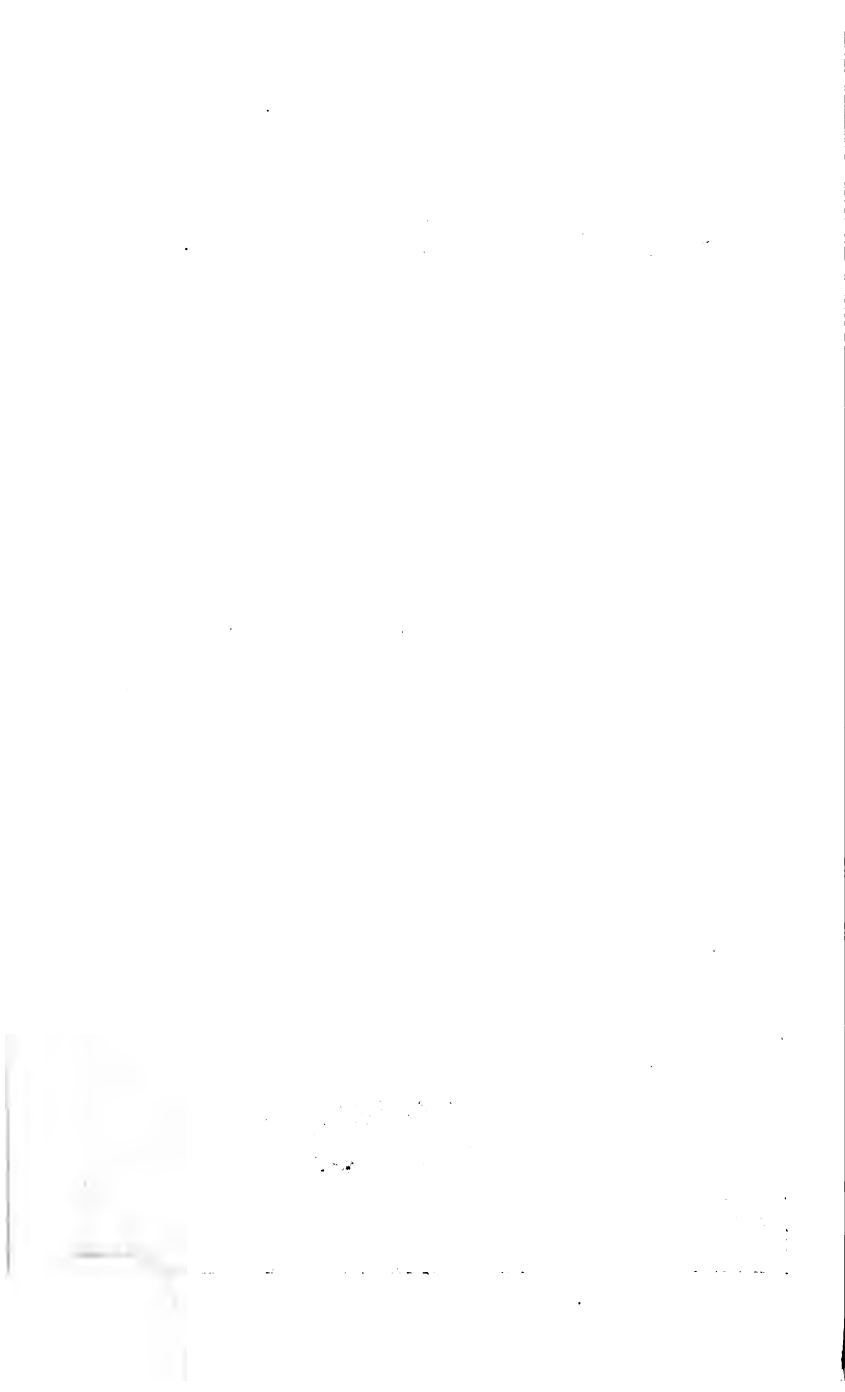
PELL. Her eyes. They're like a child's on Christmas morning. I've seen my sister's little Eddie and



"RE CALM, CAMILLA"

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Betty just before they go in to see the tree—they expect so much, you know—you'd kill yourself if they didn't like their presents.

MRS. BROOKE. Baxter—I know just what you mean. I believe my eyes used to be like that too, but I got so accustomed to going in and finding not even a tree, that they lost the expression. (PELL takes her hand, sympathetically. Enter JUNIUS down stairway. Affected.) Baxter was just telling us about his sister's children, June, dear little Eddie and Betty—their eyes on Christmas morning are so wonderful!

JUNIUS. (L. Rather mystified) Oh!

MRS. BROOKE. (C.) Christmas mornings without children are so ridiculous..

PELL. (R.) Yes, people without children really ought not to marry.

MRS. BROOKE. Why, Baxter!

PELL. I was saying that the children's eyes reminded me of Miss Hathaway's.

JUNIUS. Oh, yes, I wonder where she is—did she go out? (Looking at MRS. BROOKE.)

(Enter GUS L.U.)

GUS. I don't want to alarm you folks, but there's been a kind of an accident. The kid fell in the lake, and they're bringing her up. (JUNIUS rushes out door L.U., PELL after him.)

(Enter MAC, excitedly, R.I.)

MAC. I heard about it, Mr. Beals—what can I do?

GUS. Alma wants some blankets, Mac, and some hot-water bags.

MRS. BROOKE. I have one in my dressing-case. Shall I get it?

MAC. We've plenty, ma'am. Private hot-water bags in every room. What else, sir?

GUS. Some brandy, I expect.

MAC. Yes, sir; private stock. (*Exits MAC hurriedly R.I.*)

MRS. BROOKE. (*Going to Gus*) Mr. Beals, how did it happen? Did she purposely—did she intentionally——

GUS. I don't know. I was sitting with Alma on the stone steps when she passed us. She stopped and spoke, but her face was kind of white and after she went we followed her and got down there just as the boatman, whoever he is, pulled her out.

MRS. BROOKE. Oh—how terrible.

GUS. Yes, poor kid.

(*Enter ALMA L.U.*)

ALMA. (*To Gus*) Did you get the things?

GUS. Yes, Mac is doing it. (*Exits upstairs.*)

MRS. BROOKE. Alma—it isn't—she isn't——

ALMA. (*Stoically*) And if she was it's all right. She's in his arms where she wanted to be, and everything is for the best. (*Exits upstairs.*)

(*Enter JUNIUS L.U. carrying CAMILLA. He goes to the stairway and up. PELL follows him in. Enter MAC R.I.*)

MAC. (*To ALMA*) The blankets and hot-water bags have gone up the back stairs. (*He continues nervously, half to himself.*) Very dangerous to have the lake there. It's a beautiful lake, but anyone's likely to step into it when they're walking out of an evening. Oh, yes. (*He goes out R.I.*)

PELL. (*Sitting on piano bench*) Do you think she did—jump in?

MRS. BROOKE. Why, of course she did. I knew she was going to—if you're in a beautiful country place like this—and you're not going to stay in it—and you're not going to New York—where are you going? Into the lake, of course.

PELL. Well, if you knew it, why didn't you tell us?

MRS. BROOKE. What could you have done?

PELL. Well—I'm just conceited enough to think I could keep a girl from jumping into a lake, if I put my mind on it.

(*JUNIUS comes down the stairs.*)

MRS. BROOKE. (*Sympathetically*) Well, that's what you get, June, for trying to help people from a strange world we don't belong in.

JUNIUS. (*Standing c. at fireplace*) What did you say to her, Celia?

MRS. BROOKE. I? Good heavens, June, you're not going to make me responsible.

JUNIUS. No, no; but you were talking to her just before it happened.

PELL. You were talking about her going away when I came in.

JUNIUS. About *her* going away?

MRS. BROOKE. Yes, she said she was going—

JUNIUS. She just came in and said she was going—away?

MRS. BROOKE. I believe I said I was going away, first.

PELL. I'm sure that wasn't the reason she jumped in the lake—

JUNIUS. You talked for a long time, Celia. I heard your voice, it seemed for hours.

MRS. BROOKE. Why, June—we just chatted a little.

JUNIUS. (*Insisting*) I know. But what were you chatting about, Celia?

MRS. BROOKE. Different things. We talked about Roma a little, June. She asked me about her—and if she was very beautiful, and about her voice—

JUNIUS. Oh, her voice! That might have something to do with it.

MRS. BROOKE. Dear me—well, I don't know how to act with such people, June. To find myself cast up against a primitive nature like hers confuses me, I'll confess. I probably do say the wrong thing.

JUNIUS. (*Thoughtfully—after a moment*) There's something very primitive about the things that really matter, Celia. Life and love and death—there's something very primitive about all three.

MRS. BROOKE. I don't know what you mean, June—and I don't suppose you do. But I don't blame you for anything you may say—whether it means anything or not.

JUNIUS. Life and love and death—they are the only things that matter.

MRS. BROOKE. (*Suddenly serious*) I've always known that—and yet—we spend almost all our time over other things.

JUNIUS. Go upstairs Celia, will you? There might be something you could do to help.

MRS. BROOKE. Why, of course. I'd have gone before—only I was so excited.

JUNIUS. Of course you would. (*MRS. BROOKE starts up the stairs, GUS comes down.*)

GUS. (*In answer to inquiring looks*) All to the good. Her eyes are open and I think she could speak if she wanted to.

MRS. BROOKE. Oh, I wish she would. I've al-

ways wanted to know the first thing people say after they kill themselves. (*Exit MRS. BROOKE.*)

(*Enter MAC R.I. He brings a decanter of brandy and glasses on tray, which he sets on piano.*)

MAC. (*Standing round to be near them*) The blankets and hot-water bags have gone up the back stairs, sir.

JUNIUS. All right, Mac—that's good. (*Sits R. on arm of davenport.*)

MAC. I tell you—the path gets pretty steep down there, sir—many a time I've just saved myself from going in.

JUNIUS. Really, Mac? Well, you must keep away from the lake.

MAC. Yes, sir, after dark especially. It's better to keep on the wood side of the house.

PELL. Even there you might run into a tree. Better really to keep on the inside.

JUNIUS. (*To Gus*) Does Alma think——

GUS. Oh, yes—Alma's sure—she wouldn't give up anyway.

JUNIUS. I know that—I was just wondering.

PELL. What a commentary on life, eh? A girl young and beautiful, with everything to live for, and she wants to end it!

MAC. Oh, sir—no. You're quite mistaken, sir. It was nothing like that—I worked for this young lady, sir, before any of you knew her and she has a sweet, sunny disposition. Even when things were pretty bad—I mean, things ain't always what one could wish even in the best hotels, she always had a smile for you—— Oh, no—it was an accident—that might happen to anyone—like I was explaining.

PELL. (*Looking at MAC admiringly*) You're all right, Brownlow. (*He goes out L.U.*)

MAC. But it's true, sir. I hope you believe me, Mr. Patterson.

JUNIUS. Certainly I do. Take a little drink for yourself, Mac.

MAC. Oh, thank you, sir. (*Starts to take drink, then stops.*) Well, I guess I'd better not.

JUNIUS. I forgot, you're quite right.

MAC. Yes, sir. I've given the subject some thought, sir. I had an idea of being a "periodical." I have a cousin who only goes off on the Fourth of July, but it might not work with me. I'd better not, sir. (*Exit R.I.*)

JUNIUS. (*To Gus*) Were you down there? Did you see how it happened?

GUS. No. We just got there at the finish.

JUNIUS. Oh.

GUS. Mr. Patterson—I know I've no right to say this— It's only the interest and right that an old friend of a girl has— (*A disapproving glance from JUNIUS.*) And when I say an old friend, I don't mean anything that's any reflection on the girl—I just mean as much of an old friend as a girl would let a fellow be who admired and respected—yes and loved—in a perfectly nice, hopeless way—for any fellow that didn't love her would be a damned fool—

JUNIUS. Of course.

GUS. I know why she jumped in the lake—and I suppose you do. I know you're a great man—and I'm nobody at all—but I say, she paid you a very great compliment. And I say that if a wonderful girl like that wants the love of any man, I don't care who he is—there's only one thing for him to do.

JUNIUS. I see what you mean, but there might be a reason that would make it impossible.

GUS. Reason? What's reason got to do with it? You might as well defy the laws of gravitation. If there isn't anything to it, love I mean, then where does the whole world get off? We ought to have stopped long ago. We know there's nothing to anything else—well, then, if there's nothing to that—we're gone!

(ALMA comes down the stairs.)

JUNIUS. How is she, Alma?

ALMA. She's—why, she's all right, sir. (ALMA begins to cry.)

GUS. Come, say, what's this—the Queen of the Nurses doing a flop?

ALMA. Poor little thing, I can't help it. She was so wet. (GUS goes to her, puts his arm around her.) Why, so are you—you're just soaking—

JUNIUS. (To Gus) Did you go in after her?

GUS. No, I didn't. I can't swim. I'm going to learn to-morrow, if it takes me all day.

ALMA. He held her while Burkhardt got the rubber coat— (MAC enters.)

JUNIUS. You get some dry clothes on; Mac, take Mr. Beals upstairs.

MAC. Yes, sir.

GUS. No, thanks, I'll be going along.

ALMA. You'd row back with those wet things on, I suppose.

GUS. Sure—it would do me good.

ALMA. (Sternly) You go with Mac.

GUS. (Meekly) Oh, all right, Alma. You're the boss. (MAC goes up the stairway with GUS.)

JUNIUS. (Standing by the fire looking into it) Alma, I don't know what to do.

ALMA. No, sir. It's hard to know, because she's



the sweetest little thing—— I never was with anyone that I felt to, like I do to her.

JUNIUS. No, no—neither was I.

ALMA. (*Glancing at him*) Maybe everything'll straighten itself out in the end—when we give up, things sometimes do, just straighten themselves out——

JUNIUS. You think we have to give up first? Well, Alma—I feel like it, really.

ALMA. Of course you know, sir, how it is. She's young and she thinks she'll never get over it, but you can't tell. Maybe this was a good thing. A dose of cold water is good for almost everything—from love, down. (*CAMILLA, in dressing-gown, appears on the stairway. Immediately all call the nurse.*) Who said you could get up? Have you got your slippers on? Let me feel your hands—well, they're warm.

CAMILLA. (*To JUNIUS, not heeding ALMA*) I was afraid you'd gone.

ALMA. Do you feel all right?

CAMILLA. Yes—I—I—I—do . . .

ALMA. (*Glancing at JUNIUS*) You can't be down here long you know. You can just say "good-bye" to Mr. Patterson—that's all.

CAMILLA. I know it.

(*Exit ALMA up the stairway. CAMILLA goes to bench c. and sits.*)

JUNIUS. My child, how could you! (*Coming down L. of bench c.*) I want to ask you something, Camilla—— (*Gently.*) I won't ask you if you feel badly—do you?

CAMILLA. Ask me.

JUNIUS. Do you think you are treating me quite right? (*Sits on bench.*)

CAMILLA. (R.C.) I want you to be happy.

JUNIUS. (L.C.) You want me to be happy. After nearly killing you at our first meeting, you decide to drown yourself and have me feel responsible for that too, because—you want me to be happy.

CAMILLA. Oh—forgive me!

JUNIUS. It isn't a matter of forgiveness—but really I don't know what to do—listen to me, dear. Do you remember what you told me at the hospital?

CAMILLA. No.

JUNIUS. About your voice—sounding so wonderful at times?

CAMILLA. I don't believe it did.

JUNIUS. Why, of course it did. Now, I'll tell you what I thought of doing. I didn't tell you before, because I wanted you to just be quiet up here and think of nothing but getting well. I'll send you abroad to study, to Italy. Alma can go with you and anyone else you want.

CAMILLA. Anyone?

JUNIUS. Yes.

CAMILLA. You?

JUNIUS. No.

CAMILLA. I don't want to go.

CAMILLA. Haven't you any ambition, Camilla? Don't you want to make people proud of you?

CAMILLA. Only you. And I wouldn't care whether you were proud or not if you only—but you don't.

JUNIUS. (*A little desperate*) Camilla, you know I can't marry you, don't you?

CAMILLA. Yes. I didn't expect you to.

JUNIUS. Well, you certainly wouldn't want anything else. You wouldn't want to be more to me than a dear, sweet child that I love and respect,

CAMILLA. Not if you don't love me, and I know you don't.

JUNIUS. Well—how do you know—I don't?

CAMILLA. (*After a moment*) You said that a kiss would be followed by all sorts of complications—I kissed you—and it wasn't followed by anything at all—then I knew. I'm not wonderful enough. I'm not like them.

JUNIUS. Like them?

CAMILLA. Madame La Valliere—Du Barry and Camille—and all the wonderful women who made men love them whether they wanted to or not.

JUNIUS. I should hope you were not like them.

CAMILLA. But I wish I were—— (*Looking at him wistfully.*) Because—my life was over when you came into it, and I can't help it, I just want to be with you . . .

JUNIUS. (*Affected and stern at the same time*) You must wait patiently, Camilla—until I decide what's best to be done.

CAMILLA. Yes. (*After waiting a moment.*) Have you decided?

JUNIUS. It would be a year at least before I could do anything—and in the meantime—you're so irresponsible—so—so different from the way I thought you were going to be. Your jumping into the lake makes me wonder—it makes me nervous—I don't like it.

CAMILLA. (*Eagerly*) I shouldn't think you would—I didn't like it—I didn't do it!

JUNIUS. You didn't do it?

CAMILLA. No. I got into the canoe—and it just tipped over—but of course I would have jumped into the lake, if I'd thought it would do any good.

JUNIUS. (*After a moment*) It isn't money, is it, Camilla? Because you know, you can have all I've got, without me.

CAMILLA. (*Not offended*) No—no, I wouldn't

care about that at all—I don't believe any of them did. I mean——

JUNIUS. (*Hurriedly*) I know—those ladies you spoke of.

CAMILLA. I think they really loved—the money was only an excuse.

JUNIUS. (*After pause, gently*) You see—I didn't want to marry again, Camilla. It was such a miserable business.

CAMILLA. I'm so sorry—don't feel that you must.

JUNIUS. (*Looking at her quickly*) Why, of course I must. I said that if you only lived, I'd make you happy—and if that will do it——

CAMILLA. Oh—it will—— (*Crossing her hands on her breast.*) Do you think I ought to be calm?

JUNIUS. (*Taking her in his arms*) I'm not! And when I said on the stairs, I'd forgotten—I hadn't——

CAMILLA. Oh, hadn't you, truly? Tell me, are you just a little afraid of me?

JUNIUS. I'm terribly afraid of you, Camilla—afraid I might lose you sometime——

CAMILLA. Oh—I need never be calm any more! (*Her head slowly rests on his breast.*)

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